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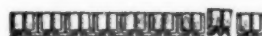


ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

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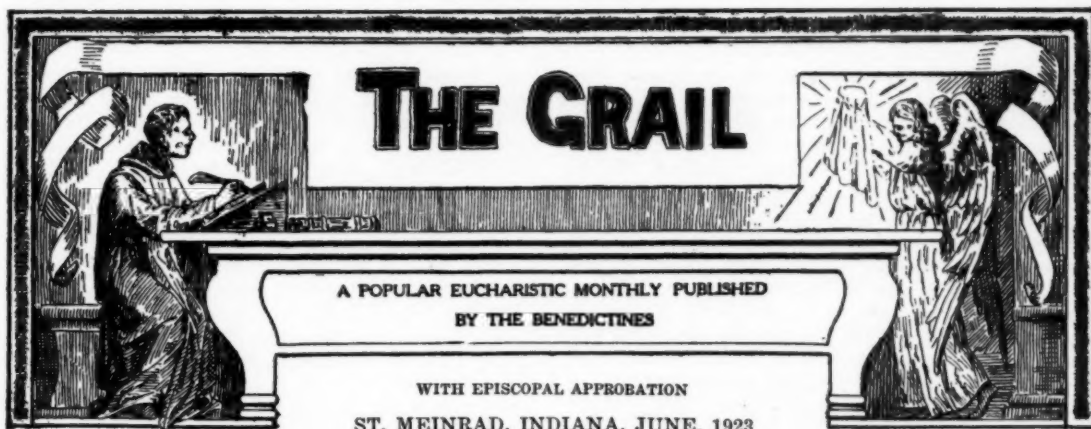
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Eternal rest grant them, O Lord!



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

At the Crossroads

With the month of June comes the close of school. Of those who have finished the grades some will go to high school, some will go to college. Parents have the sacred duty to see to it that these children attend a Catholic high school or college, if possible. Do not labor under the delusion that, because your child has finished the grades, has made its solemn Communion, and been confirmed, it is now able to fight its own battles and preserve the faith. Acting according to such a mode of thought would be a serious wrong done the child, for, being still at a tender age and in the formative period, it is quite impressionable. At the public high schools and colleges light-minded boys and girls are thrown together promiscuously. The majority have only a very vague notion of religion. Among the pupils of such schools there are often a number who are morally corrupt, and not infrequently some of the teachers are atheists. Under such circumstances the child runs the risk of losing its faith and consequently its immortal soul.

The social side of life—company-keeping, love-making, fun and frolics—occupies the minds of these giddy young people and makes them unfit for serious work. Yet there are foolish Catholic mothers who unnecessarily run the risk of the loss of faith and morals in their offspring for some imaginary social prestige that these children may derive therefrom. Sometimes, it is true, that, from a worldly point of view, your daughters make a good catch. But is wealth the only quality you seek in a prospective son-in-law? How often do not wealth and vice go hand in hand? Possibly your lovely daughter will soon learn to repent at leisure the unfortunate choice she has made. The honeymoon over, the novelty of married life may wear off. How often has it not happened that some such unprincipled scamp has left his bride of a few months. By the law he is free, but she must pine away in grass-widowhood "until death do us part." This is only one of the fruits of the social prestige gained at the "public high." Cath-

olic parents! the only safe place for the children that God has confided to your trust is the Catholic parochial school, Catholic high school, and Catholic college where Catholic principles are instilled into the minds of the young.

For the majority of our children the close of school marks the beginning of a new path through life. As they stand at the crossroads, which direction shall they take? Shall it be to the left, to pursue worldly pleasure and comfort and ease and run the chance of falling by the wayside? Shall it be straight ahead, to live in the world the life of the ordinary Christian in the married or the single state? Or shall it be to the right, to embrace the call to the religious state or to that of the priesthood? For the girl there is the choice between numerous orders. If the boy desires to be a religious only, he may become a lay brother or a teaching brother, but if he wishes to be both a religious and a priest, he may join some order or congregation whose members become priests. If he desires to be a priest without belonging to a religious order, the choice is his.

The desire in the heart to become a priest, or a religious, or both, is one of the manifestations of the divine call. But how often does it not happen that, when a child or a young person expresses the desire to follow the call of the Master, the one or other of the parents is bitterly opposed and strives to put the "foolish" notion out of its head. Sometimes, too, an elder brother or sister proves a stumbling block. Not infrequently those who have no connection whatever with the family or the person in question leave no stone unturned to defeat the plans of Divine Providence. These busybodies may do untold harm by their persistent meddling. A vocation from God is sacred and must not be tampered with.

Two-Thirds of Human Race Not Christian

Although nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since Christ died on the cross to save all men, comparatively few have embraced Christianity. Two-thirds

of the human race is perishing spiritually because there is no one to break to it the bread of life and so few are concerned about the spiritual welfare of these unfortunate beings, all of whom have immortal souls capable of enjoying eternal glory in heaven. If we make no effort by prayer or other means to help them attain salvation, have we not just reason to fear that God will one day reproach us for having neglected so grave a duty? To pray for the conversion of sinners, to labor and pray for the conversion of the heathen, are duties imposed upon us by the charity we owe to our neighbor. If we are unconcerned about the salvation of our fellow men, where is the fulfillment of the command to love our neighbor as ourselves?

Many, it is true, of their own accord are walking on the broad way that leads to perdition, but the majority are groping about in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. That this darkness may be dispelled, that Christians separated from the Catholic Church may return to unity with the Church, and that Catholics the world over may enjoy peace and unity and harmony—that we may be all one in Christ—is the grand purpose of the International Eucharistic League for the union of Christendom. That this three-fold object may be attained, members of the League are asked to make a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, also to offer up an occasional Mass heard and Holy Communion received. There are no other obligations or requirements, no fees, no dues, no collections. Everybody should join the League, all the Catholics of the whole world should help to promote its interests and thus assist in spreading the kingdom of Christ on earth. Members and promoters are wanted. Apply to the director, Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Bamboozled and Blissful

"America" for April 28 in an editorial comments on the wonderful gullibility of our people. They will always crowd to see the extraordinary, whether true or false; and though it be proved conclusively to be false, yet they will cheerfully pay to see themselves duped. That the article is in harmony with the times may easily be seen by anyone who reads current literature—or rather printed stuff that assumes the title.

Lo and behold! there comes again to our shores the premier knight-errant of spiritism, the marvelous manipulator of ectoplasm, Sir A. Conan Doyle! Again he stands before gaping, breathless audiences, enlightens their poor obtuse minds with the wondrous secrets of the other world; then, with much ado of mystery, astounds them with actual photographs, actual, mind

you, of spirits whom he snapped in his excursions to the world beyond. He has an answer for all queries: What are they doing? How do they feel? Do they wear clothes? O yes, they wear clothes out of modesty. Spirits—clothes! Heaven save the mark! What of the souls of animals? They rejoin their masters. Yes, cooties, cats, and caterpillars. If he says it, it must be right. You may be sure he does not speak this from the soap box. It would not appeal, this being buncoed free of charge. We rather pay good cash, thus satisfying instincts of business in donor and recipient.

Closely allied with this great fraud, yet more specious in the scientific habiliments in which it masquerades, is the absorbing problem of tracing ourselves back in ancestry to a certain type of the ape. Of course the fact that we are descended from the ape is taken for granted. Science, made-to-order, knows of course that there *must* have been such an evolution. The idea of creation is altogether antiquated, discarded. So now we are being regaled with learned disquisitions, even in the "Scientific American"—science's chief exponent, as to the wondrous finds of antediluvian and ante-everything-but-the-homo-sapiens fossils of man; as to the exact time—computing years by the millions—when our distinctively human parts showed rudimentary on our hairy progenitors, then more pronounced, then developed; just why there are not more fossil remains like the Pithecanthropus of Java—and so on and so on, until you begin to grow dizzy and are bursting with all the stuff and nonsense with which you are being gorged.

What does it matter that real science has disproved every argument our so-called scientists have brought forward; that the evolution of man has never developed beyond the realms of fantastic theory, a theory that is assumed as fact by those who want God out of the scheme of things? So also with the spiritism of Conan Doyle. All the world knows that the results he boasts of achieving in materialization and photographing of his docile "spirits," have been duplicated in a merely natural manner; and that such men as the eminent Father de Heredia, S. J., have offered to meet him in public discussion, and have been refused and avoided—these and such-like things are known by all, yet the gullible public throngs about him, eager to lavish American dollars for the privilege of being bamboozled. But the humor of it all is clouded by the thought that these fallacies are part of the modern methods of the father of lies, to seduce the weak and to lead them astray. Groundless theory, alias bunk, has assumed the right of way and has prevailed by force of its great clamor high and prolonged, while truth must proceed on the by-ways, little heeded and less sought for, yet confident in the power which is ever its own, and in the surety that the might of God will in the end be all-dominant.

Confession

FR. PLACIDUS KLEPPL, O. S. B.

The God-Priest lifts his healing hand,
And lo! At once the heavy band
Of sin is cut in twain.

A Desirable Prize

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"EVERY time I come to the rectory," said the disappointed caller, "Father Gilbert is busy, or he's gone, or there's some other excuse."

"I am sorry," replied the housekeeper, "but you know this is a new parish and that there is so much to be done and seen after and attended to. It's really a wonder to me that Father keeps up under the strain."

Yes, there was the school lately moved into and now in running order, and besides, there were ever and ever so many little things that claimed immediate attention.

The interior of the house of God had been beautified, the divine service was solemn and inspiring, but the good pastor felt somewhat concerned about the conduct of his servers at the altar. Not that they were the only ones in the world that needed reformation—no sir!—you will find them almost everywhere you go. However, he was determined to strike at the root of the evil. His boys should become models. Their bearing in general while at the altar was not always edifying and the haste with which they sometimes made the responses was likely to disturb the priest at Mass.

"To serve at the altar," said Father Gilbert in one of his talks to the servers, "is a wonderful privilege. Do you know that in the sanctuary you are surrounded by innumerable angels who are adoring God hidden in the sacrament of His love? How devout and well behaved you should be at the altar."

"Although the Mass prayers are Latin, they are for the most part the inspired word of God, and He understands them and knows when they are spoken correctly. Learn these beautiful prayers well and recite them devoutly, even if you don't understand a word of them, and He will reward you. Never, never rush through these prayers and mumble something that sounds similar to the sacred words and end by pronouncing the last word loud and with a jerk. That is quite unworthy of any server."

"At the foot of the altar the priest says the prayers from memory. If you are not attentive and do not take care to perform your part well, you may disturb him and cause him to forget what comes next."

"I remember an instance from long ago. A boy of my acquaintance did not know the prayers very well. He got things so mixed up that finally he said 'Dominus vobiscum,' which you know is said only by the priest."

"Father," broke in Johnnie Turf, "Harry Tween always says 'Keer lieson,' 'Christ lieson.'"

"Yes, and Johnnie Turf," retaliated the boy accused, "hits his stomach as if he was going to commit suicide when he says the Confiteor."

"Well, we won't tell any more tales out of school," rejoined Father Gilbert, "for we all have our faults."

"How many of you know that the servers at the altar are the representatives of the people? Well, they are, and more than this, it is their special privilege to assist our Blessed Lord who Himself offers up through the hands of the priest the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Did you ever hear of the little child that thought the servers were allowed to carry the Precious Blood around?"

"Phew! Phew!" escaped from the lips of one or two.

"You needn't be surprised at the words of an innocent child. Not even the angels of God, who are present in the sanctuary, are favored as you are. What must these blessed spirits think when they see you staring about, or even talking, or playing with the bell or your fingers, or merely pretending to do what the ceremonies prescribe, or scampering through the prayers, or answering them before it is time, or even forgetting them and not answering at all. What must be their sorrow when they see the one or the other of you too fond of the bed in the



TAKE YE AND EAT—THIS IS MY BODY

morning, especially when it is your turn to serve. Holy men like St. Aloysius never let an occasion to serve slip by.

"The greater the share you take in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the greater will be your share in its wonderful benefits. No one has so great a share in the Mass—besides the priest who offers it—as those who serve. See how favored you are. St. Matilda tells us that in vision she saw a simple lay brother covered with brilliant glory. God gave her to understand that this was his reward for having served with great faith and devotion all the Masses that he could.

"It may not be new to some of you that a few years before the saintly Pope Pius X was made pope, when he was still Bishop of Mantua, he made a visit to Rome. On this particular occasion he happened to notice in St. Peter's, the greatest church of the world, that a priest was looking for a server. He immediately offered his services. All who saw him were edified by his great piety. When the priest learned after the Mass who it was that had served him, he felt greatly embarrassed to think that a bishop had waited upon him.

"Remember that you never get too big nor too old to serve the priest at Mass. It happens once in a while even in rather large congregations that on Sunday morning, especially in vacation, the servers appointed fail to come. They overslept, or went into the country, or there is some other reason for their absence. There may be other servers in the church at the time, but because it is not their turn to serve, they won't come forward. The great statesman, Bourke Cockran, who died only a few weeks ago, was a daily communicant and whenever an altar boy was missing at an early Mass, he would serve. Remember that Mr. Cockran spent term after term with other statesmen at Washington. To encourage you to do your best I am going to give a prize to the one who has the best record at the end of the school year."

Father Gilbert had still another matter on his mind. "Some of you," he went on, "deserve praise for your punctuality in appearing for service, but you fail to take advantage of another great opportunity. Yes, you fail to take advantage of the opportunity to receive Holy Communion frequently. How many good people would receive every day if they had time. You even go to Mass and serve, but fail to receive Christ into your hearts. Since it is the wish of the Church that all those who attend Mass should likewise receive, how much more ought not this to be the case with the Mass servers?"

"But, Father, we'd have to go without our breakfast," objected Tommy Keene.

"Let us see. You always have a little time between Mass and school, haven't you? Some of you live near by and could run home for a bite to eat. But those who live too far away could at least now and then bring their lunch along and eat it here. Perhaps we can even make better and more satisfactory arrangements before long. But there ought to be plenty of time for everybody on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, when there is no school. And then there is vacation too—summer vacation, when so few, if any, of my pious children attend week day Mass and go to Holy Communion. There should be no vacation from prayer and from the Holy Table. I hope that my altar boys will give a better example than that."

A puzzled look on the face of Jimmie King caused the priest to ask: "What's your difficulty, Jimmie? Out with it. Can't you go to Holy Communion?"

"Father, when I serve Mass I can't prepare for Holy Communion."

"Is that your only trouble? Of course you can't kneel there and spend all your time reading prayers out of a book and neglect to answer the priest, or carry the book around, or ring the bell. What kind of preparation is required from you?"

"The same as from anybody else I guess."

"Yes and no. Everybody should, indeed, make a serious preparation as the Holy Father expressed it, but he added, 'according to each one's strength, *circumstances*, and *duties*.' Now the circumstances and duties of a Mass server are in a class by themselves. The preparation which is required of you must not be such that you would not pay the proper attention to your duties about the altar. Of course this necessary attention to your serving may interfere with those pious feelings which you might otherwise have. Don't forget that when you receive Holy Communion you are receiving a Guest. Your first care ought to be to please that Guest rather than your own self. Serving properly is done precisely because it is the will of the Eucharistic Guest. He will surely not be less generous with you if you devote the necessary care and attention to his service at the altar.

"Yet there should be some preparation beforehand, for preparation really means to put the soul in the proper disposition to receive our Lord with more fruit than would be gained by merely being in the state of grace and having a right intention. You can dispose yourselves by prayer or by good works, or by both, on the evening previous, if there is no time in the morning. An occasional short visit to the church would be another splendid preparation for the next Communion. Again, you might re-

cite the Our Father slowly while on the way to church. St. Augustine recommends the Our Father as a means of removing venial sins before the reception of Holy Communion. Where there is a will, as you see, there is also a way."

"But, Father, the Mass server usually has no time to kneel down for a few minutes to make a thanksgiving after Holy Communion. He has to go and get the cruets right away and then take the book around."

"Even so, it does not matter. No Eucharistic grace will be lost. Do not forget that you do not have to feel the devotion, and that even if sensible devotion, as we call it, should suffer thereby, our Lord will make up for it in some other way. Instead, you may remain a few minutes longer after Mass. But if your duties or circumstances prevent you from doing so, you might continue your thanksgiving on the way home. You might even take it up from time to time during the day. The priest cannot kneel down at once after Holy Communion either. He has to distribute Holy Communion to the faithful, and then finish up his Mass before his thanksgiving."

At this point Father Gilbert was called away and the boys began to discuss the prize. They knew that whenever their pastor offered a prize it was worth the while; besides, he always insisted on merit. Each was resolved to try.

In the meantime Father Gilbert kept a close scrutiny. From month to month he compared notes with Sister Melania. As the months passed, the boys themselves tried to keep tab on their record. They began to boast by speaking of the wonderful serving. Of course some shortcomings and errors had been recorded. Towards the end of the year the questions most discussed were: Who will be the winner? What will it be? A prayer book? A tennis racket? A swimming suit? Each had his own choice or preference.

Finally the longed-for day dawned. The morning hours seemed like days. After dinner Father Gilbert appeared with each one's record. He praised their efforts in general and had comments for each individual without sparing the shortcomings recorded.

At last the winner's name was announced. It was Jimmie King. There was not a single mark against him for the whole year. His serving had been perfect, likewise his punctuality. One thing Father Gilbert emphasized very strongly: Jimmie's success was to be attributed to his frequent, yes, practically daily Communion.

"What's the prize? What's the prize?" passed in whisper from one to the other.

"His p-r-i-z-e," said Father Gilbert slowly and solemnly, "will be in keeping with another

fruit of his careful and edifying serving together with his frequent and fervent Communion. Jimmie has this year developed a vocation to the priesthood. His prize will be one year's scholarship in the preparatory seminary, which he will enter in September."

Clapping of hands and cheering greeted this announcement and Jimmie received the congratulations and good wishes of his friends.

S. A. G.

MARY CLARK JACOBS

"I'M disappointed—terribly disappointed in you, St. Anthony." Old Ellen shook her head disapprovingly at the statue of her patron. "Here, I've been praying, begging and pleading to you for three months, and not a sign have you given that you've heard me or intend to help me at all, at all. And it's the first time you ever failed me."

She frowned as she fluttered the dust cloth lightly over the little altar, sighing audibly. Then, determined to do her duty in spite of the wish to avoid it, she raised her work-worn hands and turned the statue with its face towards the wall.

"Why, Ellen, what in the world are you doing with my St. Anthony?" The old woman turned with a guilty start.

"Well, Miss Marian, you see it's this way," she stumbled with the explanation. "I've always had a great devotion to St. Anthony and many and many a time he's helped me when I hardly expected his aid and maybe wasn't so sure that I deserved it. But now—now—now he's neglecting me entirely." She shook her finger at the back of the brown figure.

"And so you are punishing him just as you used to punish me when I was a child," Marian Russell laughed. "Well, I think he'll do what you wish now. I know I was quite subdued and obedient for days after you stood me in the corner with my face to the wall. I hope St. Anthony doesn't mind his disgrace as much as I used to. I remember I was quite humiliated."

Marian stepped to the dresser to arrange her hat in front of the mirror, then picked up her gloves.

"You are going out again this morning, Miss Marian?"

"Of course, Ellen. I must look for work, you know."

"But last night, you said—" she began.

"Oh, last night I was tired and discouraged. This morning I am quite fresh and ready to try again. Good-bye, Ellen. Don't be too hard on dear St. Anthony."

Long after the door had closed, Ellen stood still thinking. Finally she turned back to the little altar and with tears in her eyes demanded almost fiercely:

"St. Anthony, how can *you* bear it? You heard Miss Marian telling me how hard it was trudging from one place to another trying to get something to do. After all these years of home life, she's not fitted for an office at all, and all the firms want stenographers, bookkeepers, and girls with business experience. Haven't I been telling you that it is quite time for *you* to get busy?"

"And, St. Anthony, don't bother to find her an office job like she is hunting for. 'Twon't be good for her, I'm telling you, to be shut up that way all day. She ain't used to it. A girl like my Miss Marian wants a home, a good husband, and little children to mother." She shook her finger again at his back and nodded wisely.

Meanwhile, quite unconscious of her old nurse's objections to an office position, Marian trudged from one place of business to another. But the day seemed to hold no better luck than the previous ones. There was no place for the unskilled worker.

At eighteen, Marian had graduated from an Academy, a good student and a fair musician, with a smattering of art that enabled her to paint attractive china plates and select curtains and draperies that blended harmoniously with the walls and carpets. For ten years she was content and happy making home comfortable for her father and caring for her invalid mother. Then came the death of both parents within a few weeks. When the estate was settled, it was found that unwise investments had taken almost everything. So the old homestead was sold and Marian settled in a little flat with faithful Ellen. Then she started out on the weary, almost hopeless task, of finding work for which she was unprepared.

Her last unsuccessful quest had taken her to a manufacturing plant in the suburbs and she was tired in mind and body when she climbed into a car and dropped into a seat, without even noticing the man beside her or the mischievous, restless child in his arms.

Another day passed and no work! Marian sighed as the train of unpleasant thoughts sped through her troubled mind. Bang! A sharp pain! and the train was sidetracked. With a hand covering the injured cheek, Marian turned to meet the remorseful gaze of the man and the gleeful smile of the child.

"Shoot you in eye!" cooed the baby holding out a pair of gloves which Marian noticed were joined together with a length of elastic.

"I'm so sorry," the man apologized. "Billy is such a little rascal. I never dreamed he was

aiming the glove at your face. Does it hurt?"

"It is nothing," Marian returned smiling at the boy, who immediately held out his arms and insisted upon a transfer of position. The man seemed embarrassed as Marian took the child.

"I'm afraid you think I'm very awkward with the baby," he confessed. "My wife is dead and the baby's nurse was suddenly stricken with illness. I took my son to my sister's home, intending to leave him there until the nurse recovered. Unfortunately, her children are down with the measles."

"That is too bad," Marian was thinking rapidly. "I wonder if I could care for a child?"

"You? Are you a nurse?" he demanded hopefully.

"No," Marian shook her head. "But I am very handy. I took care of my sick mother for ten years. The baby seems to like me and I'm sure I could take care of him. I hope you will consider my application Mr.—" she glanced up at him with a smile and added, "Mr. Harris."

"Ah, you know me?" he studied her face a second. "I don't remember—"

"Of course, you wouldn't remember me," Marian hastened to explain. "Though you used to climb over the fence to make mud pies in our back yard more than twenty years ago."

"Marian Russell!" he gasped.

A half hour later, Marian Russell came gaily up the steps to the little flat followed by her friend of childhood and his little son. The frown faded from Ellen's face as she heard her merry laughter. Perhaps her punishment of St. Anthony had been worth while.

"Ellen, I'm sure you remember John Harris, who lived next to us many years ago."

"Of course, I remember him," Ellen greeted the visitor.

"And this is his little son."

Ellen's gaze traveled from father to son, then she looked at the happy face of her charge. Well! Some way, she managed to murmur words of welcome and invite John Harris to dinner. Then she hastened to the kitchen where she dropped weakly into a chair.

"Well! All day, I've been murmuring S. A. G. 'Saint Anthony Guide,' and I believe the dear Saint has done some guiding today."

A few minutes later Marian came into the kitchen.

"Ellen, I'm going to keep little Billy here for awhile—" she began.

"Of course," agreed Ellen waiting for what she felt confident must follow. "I'd like to keep him all the time."

"Well, you may, Ellen," Marian flushed as she confessed the cause of her happiness. "John wants to buy back the old home and we'll move there as soon as we are married."

"Glory be to God!" murmured the old nurse and she said some other things which Marian did not quite catch though she thought she heard the name of St. Anthony.

That evening when Marian came into her room, she glanced at her altar.

"Why, St. Anthony, you're back in Ellen's good graces again," she laughed as she noted that the statue had been turned again and in front of it was a large bunch of carnations and two vigil lights. "You must have served Ellen well today."

At that minute, the old nurse was on her knees pouring forth, in her own way, her thanks to her patron: "St. Anthony, you're fine and grand and wonderful and I do believe you intended to do it all the time. I believe you were keeping John Harris for my Marian but I had to turn you to the wall and just make you hustle a bit and get busy."

Blessed Henry of Treviso

A. C. MCK.

A TENDER devotion to Our Lord in the Tabernacle, to the Blessed Virgin, and to the poor, are the outstanding features in the life of Blessed Henry of Treviso. Born in extreme poverty and doing what in this day would be called common labor, he performed all his actions with the pure intention of pleasing God.

He was born in the mountainous region of Tyrol. His parents were an example of that Christian piety and virtue so often found in the poor and humble. Their extreme poverty prevented the son from acquiring even the rudiments of an education, and the parents began early to instruct him in the truths of faith. As a child he was constant in prayer, and studied to improve in the true science of a Christian—the love of God.

When a young man, he left his native home in the Tyrol and settled in the diocese of Treviso, in Northern Italy. Here he continued to follow the life of a poor laborer, working in the fields, at odd jobs, or wherever he could find employment.

Working with cheerfulness, he sanctified his actions by a spirit of penance and recollection. As often as he could he attended sermons and instructions, and by earnest and close attention acquired a clear understanding of the truths of religion and received great benefit from whatever he heard relating to the practice of Christian virtue. Although obliged to do hard manual labor for long continued hours, he found time every day to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Even while at work he

joined in spirit those who sang the divine praises at the foot of the altar. In making a journey or walking from place to place he always carried the rosary of Our Lady in his hand.

Whatever time he could spare from work he used to visit Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He received Holy Communion frequently and the Sacrament of Penance with great devotion.

Out of his meager earnings he used only enough to sustain life, giving in secret to the poor whatever remained over. Never murmuring or complaining when sick or enduring unusual hardships, he was without the least trace of resentment and kind and gentle to all. When reviled and insulted or annoyed by children, he spoke only in kindness, and never failed to pray for those who injured or vexed him.

When advanced in years and no longer able to work, a pious lawyer gave him a small room in his house. Here he lived by the daily alms of the charitable, never keeping more than enough for the day, sending what remained to those he thought more needy than himself.

He died on the 10th of June, in the year 1315. The little room in which his body lay was visited by a great number of people. Out of devotion to his memory many took some little part of his meager belongings, which consisted only of a hair shirt, a log of wood used for a pillow, and the twigs, rope and straw he used as a bed. God was pleased to give testimony to the sanctity of His servant by many miracles in the presence of his relics.

The lives of the eminent, servants of God are an example, and in a certain sense, an invitation to model our lives after the life of Our Divine Savior. "Let us follow in the footsteps of the saints."

The First Mass

TERENCE F. BEEHAN

He is *THY* priest, O Lord can this be true!

A son of mine, a son who all life through
Will bring but love and joy as well as light

To pagans' souls, who grope in darkest night
And know Thee not, and those who do are few.

The joy that comes to me in this dark pew,

Is known in Heaven only, for the new
Ambassador was mine, but now in white

He is *Thy* priest!

Those sacred hands, they now belong to you,
Those holy lips which I have kissed, they too,
Will touch your flesh and blood—the sight
Enraptures everyone, as angels bright

Sing out, scattering heavenly dew,

He is *Thy* priest!

A Visit to a Cistercian Abbey

AQUILA

IT was on a fine day in the month of May that I set out for St. Bernard's Abbey, for the purpose of making my retreat. For many years, 30 and more, it has been my custom to pay this delightful monastery at least an annual visit, but circumstances had kept me from going at all during last year, so my feelings may be imagined when at last I found myself actually in the train, and on my way, to what certain people are wont playfully to call *my* abbey.

It is stated that a portion of the forest land that was purchased in 1835 by a generous benefactor, and presented to the Cistercian Order, had in all probability belonged in former ages to an old Cistercian abbey; and when in that year, 1835, the monks took possession of the land, it was on the three hundredth anniversary of the dissolution of the monasteries in 1835. The beginnings were small, and these early monks from Mount Melleray in Ireland were exposed to all the inclemency of the weather. On more than one occasion snow penetrated through the ruinous roof of the poor cottage that was all the abode they had, and fell upon them as they lay at night on their straw mattresses. This cottage consisted of but four rooms; one they appointed as their chapel, another as kitchen, a third as refectory, the fourth as a dormitory. Yet even here they commenced their holy practice of life, rising in the night to sing their Matins and Lauds. Says an eyewitness: "Never shall I forget the Easter morning of 1837, on which I rode to their humble dwelling, that I might hear these servants of Christ sing the joyful Alleluias in honor of our Lord's Resurrection." St. Robert and St. Stephen, the first Cistercians, found on their arrival at Citeaux at least a chapel for their use, but their descendants here had no chapel other than this poor hut.

By incessant labour ground was cleared, and in due time the stately Abbey was built, the stone being got by the monks from their own

ground, and they worked untiringly and unflinchingly at the erection, in the same noble spirit that had actuated their predecessors, the monks of old.

The train goes on, and, reading finished, the mind naturally becomes filled with thoughts of the objective of the pilgrimage. Fancy paints mental pictures of the Abbey, touches of its early history, such as above: one's own previous visits, even back to the first in years ago, which in the enchantment of its novelty was the most wonderful of all. At last the station is reached, and, alighting from dreams to realities, I commence my four mile walk, uphill all the way, carrying my bag, and thus performing

the last stage of the journey in pilgrim manner. After the first half mile, where one leaves the town to strike off along the forest road, it is quite an interesting walk; and the quality of the forest air is so invigorating that the further one goes the less tired does one become; until at last the Forest Rock is reached, where the monastic estate begins; and there, in a little hollow on the hilltop lies the Abbey, dominated by Mount Calvary, with its great crucifix, which shows as a landmark for miles around. Soon one comes to the lodge, and leaves the highroad behind. There is still a half mile to walk, but such a beautiful half mile. Passing the lodge gates one finds stone gateways on either side leading into the fields, each forming a gothic arch surmounted with a rough stone cross. In the field to the right a lay brother is crossing, intent upon matters concerning the sheep. A sharp turn, and the road is alongside a running stream, with trees on either side. And what a delightfully monastic feeling everywhere pervades. So that by the time I reached the gate house I felt it in me to sing: How amiable are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.

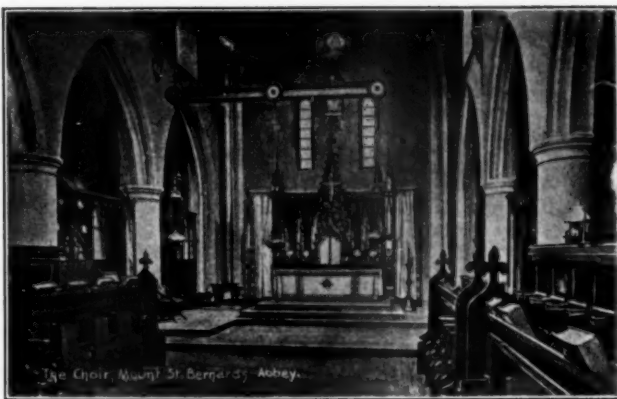
I did not find it necessary to ring the bell, for Brother Paul, the guesthouse assistant, had



The Front, Mount St. Bernard's Abbey.

heard my approach and met me at the door. He soon found the Father Guestmaster, who received me in his usual cordial manner, and in accordance with chapter 53 of St. Benedict's Rule, sent me to the Church to make my entrance visit. Being so old a guest, he dispensed with the necessity of escorting me himself, having for the moment some other business in hand. The Rule originally supposed that my feet would be washed by the Abbot, or some Father representing him, but in these later times so inconvenient a ceremony is mercifully honored in the breach, and wiping one's shoes on the mat allowed to suffice. Guests received at any Cistercian monastery always find that this branch of the great Benedictine family proves itself faithful to the Rule of its Founder, which is based on the counsels of our Blessed Lord—and His Apostles—and *forgets not hospitality.*

On returning from the church I was shown to my room, and supplied with all necessities. In a short time tea was served in the small parlour, and I found to my delight that I was the only guest. I wanted to be as quiet as possible, and thought I *might* find the guesthouse empty, having heard from a lady who the week before was making a quiet retreat here, staying at a cottage on the estate, that the guests were all leaving. It was good then to find my hopes realized. Tea over, the guestmaster invited me to accompany him in his usual walk in the grounds at that time, so that he could have his chat with me and take his exercise also. It should be noted that in a Cistercian house the guestmaster is the only person with whom one may speak at will. As master it is his duty to attend to the needs and comfort of all guests, and consequently he to the necessary extent is



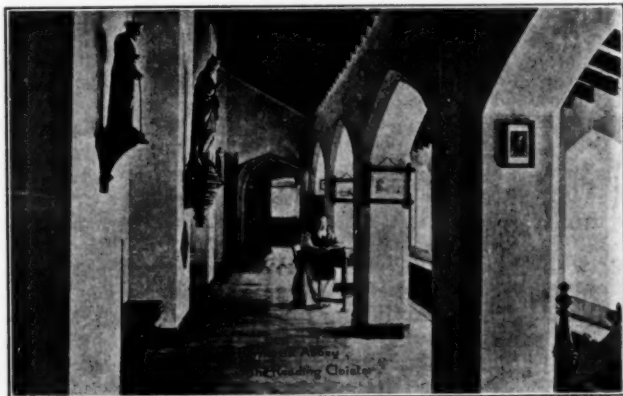
The Choir, St. Bernard's Abbey.

dispensed from the Cistercian silence, and this applies, to a more limited extent, to the Brother Assistant, but neither speak more than necessity or courtesy demands. For the rest, they are "the silent Cistercians," and only speak on rare occasions, and to visitors not at all, unless specially permitted by the superior. Out in the world we talk overmuch, and not always to profit. But here, was I, conversing with the guestmaster, a man who speaks but little, and that little as a matter of obedience. I learned from him that no other visitors were expected at present. There had been quite a number at Easter, and up to a week ago, with more expected at Whitsuntide, and I could see that the good Father was himself not displeased at having a quiet interval.

At 7:30 p.m. was Compline, followed by Compline of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin (as at all the other Hours—either followed or preceded) and then the Salve Regina was solemnly sung, Alleluia being added at the end, being in Paschal time. The Salve is sung in all Cistercian churches after Compline (and then only) every night in the year, excepting only Maundy Thursday and Good Friday. The other Antiphons of the Blessed Virgin, Alma Redemptoris, Ave Regina, and Regina Coeli, have no place in the Cistercian office; although they are sung sometimes as extra pieces at Benediction.

After Salve, all pass before the superior of the cloister door, and, receiving the holy water from him, pass silently along the cloister to the dormitory. I, the solitary guest, coming last, went along to my room in company with Father Guestmaster, who shook my hand in silence as we came to the staircase.

And so I am alone in a Trappist



The Cloister, St. Bernard's Abbey.

monastery. (This community belongs to the Congregation formed by Abbot de Rancé at the Abbey of La Trappe in the seventeenth century, so they are often called Trappists.) And what a joy such a sense of solitude can produce. Especially when one is tired in body and mind. "Who will give me the wings of a dove," says the psalmist, "and I will fly away and be at rest." Here, in monastic cell, one may indeed find rest; and exclaim with feelings of keen delight: *O beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo!* (*O blessed solitude! O solitary beatitude!*) And surely now, if ever, with the monks all in their cubicles, and perhaps myself, as I sit in my room, the only person awake in the house, and the only sound the striking of the turret clock at the quarters, I may realize—as indeed I do—*silentium fortitudo nostra*—that silence is our strength.

By 9 p. m. I was in bed and soon asleep; not even the bell for Matins shortly before 2 a. m. arousing me. In times past I have got up at the sound of this bell, and found my way down into the church; but the Abbot did not greatly encourage this, considering that for outsiders needing rest, a very occasional attendance at the night office might very well suffice. But I always like to attend Prime at 5:30 a. m., after which Matutinal Mass is said, and at which those members of the community not in priest's orders receive Holy Communion, the guests present entering the choir and following the brethren to the predella of the altar. Then the celebrant comes out to the infirmary benches in the south choir aisle, if any sick are there to receive, and lastly to the people of the secular part of the church, beyond the rood screen.

It is in the rood gallery that the guests have their place for Office and Mass, entrance being obtained by means of a staircase from the south choir aisle. From this gallery one has an unobstructed view of the choir and high altar below.

At 8 a. m. breakfast is served. At 10 a. m. Tierce, High Mass, and Sext. The day hours of the Office and Conventual High Mass are sung through daily, so that one has the delight of hearing the Church's beautiful liturgy fully rendered to the ancient music. The Cistercians have a chant of their own, which has been restored to its pristine purity in accord with the Vatican restoration of the plain chant. The choir books have all been most beautifully printed at the Abbey of Westmalle in Holland: they are very large, and heavily bound, with brass corners and large clasps. The sound of the unclasping and clasping reverberates round the church, and is very strange at the first hearing, but one soon begins to count it as part of the ceremony.

The guest's dinner is at 1 p. m. Vespers are sung at 3 p. m. on the greater feast days, but on ordinary days at 5 p. m. When not in choir the Fathers are at work, usually outside on the farm, for the Cistercian life is a laborious one. But of course their principal work is the "Work of God," the Divine Office, the "Opus Dei," to which, as St. Benedict lays down, nothing must be preferred.

So the days pass, and in its turn comes Sunday, when, the monks being free from work, the choir offices and High Mass are rendered with even greater solemnity. After Vespers at 3 p. m. there is Benediction, which ended, one of the Fathers goes out beyond the rood screen and preaches to the people. It is not a parish church, but a number of people live on the estate and attend the Abbey Church, and there are always some others, also frequently visitors (others than the Abbey guests) so that on Sundays there is quite a congregation. A special Mass is said for them at 8 a. m. beyond the screen. They attend also for Compline and Salve at 7:30 p. m., setting a splendid example to city, and indeed other country congregations: which is, after all, quite a natural consequence of their being privileged to be so closely connected with an abbey church: a privilege which evidently they realize and appreciate.

But time does not stand still, even in a Cistercian monastery: in fact it passes all too quickly, and without having had a single dull moment, I find my retreat over. Maybe because it had been so long delayed; maybe on account of circumstances since my last; but surely in the goodness and mercy of God, this retreat, so much needed, and so longingly desired, has drawn itself out strongly and sweetly to a most delightful termination, and now the time for departure has come.

Few people, if any at all, leave St. Bernard's Abbey without regret that their stay is cut short, however long that stay may have been. And surely no one ever leaves without a definite feeling of encouragement to face bravely the problems and difficulties of every day life; or without a desire to repeat the visit. I have known many who made such visits: some I have taken myself, and have been the cause of others going: but never did I meet with one who failed to enjoy his stay at the monastery, whether he had gone for retreat or merely for a visit. And in each case there has been the strong desire for a repetition. Even to enjoy the monastic calm, to see the monastic habit, to hear the Divine Office and the ancient chant; having meanwhile "a holiday from modern popular devotions," as I once heard a lady express it, (myself greatly sympathizing), is a

(Continued on page 57)

The Banished Portrait

CLARE HAMPTON

(Continued)

SEPT. 29—Have been to see Father R. again and told him I wished for the spiritual life more than ever, and he has advised me to tell them at once, so that preparations will not go any further. Oh what a cross for me to bear! I am sure I will not cause poor dear Aunt more pain than I am going to cause myself. It will be crucifixion! As for Chet, it will hurt him for a time, but he will find new interests and forget.

Aunt being too busy, she has requested me to go to town on an errand for her, and Chet is to accompany me. It will be a good time to tell him. Meanwhile, I have another scheme; I have decided to visit my cousin at the Ursuline Convent today, if I can possibly get it in, and I will make it my business to!

10:00 P. M.—I am glad this momentous day is at an end, and my hard task is over—at least part of it. I have told Chet, but not Aunt. This morning, on the train, he noticed my silence and preoccupation, and affectionately tried to rouse me from my "blues," as he thought they were. His kindness hurt me. Arrived in town, I sent him away on some pretext, arranging to meet him again at a certain store, which he mentioned. Hurriedly, I dispatched Aunt's errand, then boarded a car, and rode to F—Street, where the convent is situated. A sweet-faced nun opened the door, and I told her whom I wished to see. She bowed and left me in the bare, exquisitely clean, parlor. How still it was! Not a sound from the outside seemed to penetrate here. I looked about the room. A row of plain varnished chairs, a marble-topped center table, on which a couple of books reposed, a crucifix, and a few beautiful sacred canvases were all that the room contained. The floor was like our own at home—polished like a mirror. One picture struck me in particular: it was called "Novice in the Sanctuary." So wrapt was I in contemplation of the young girl in novice's veil who knelt before the tabernacle, her pure face uplifted in unutterable love and adoration, that I was not aware of the presence of anyone in the room, until I felt a touch on my arm. Turning, I beheld the exact likeness of the banished portrait in our attic at home, except for the delicate pencil-lining which twenty prayerful years had lent it.

"Sister!" I cried, extending both my hands, "can you guess who I am?"

A warm smile irradiated her face, and her lovely eyes crinkled up into many little lines like sun-rays.

"Let me see—your face is familiar," she replied. "Of whom does it remind me now?—I have it! You look like an uncle who used to come to our house many years ago. Are you his daughter?"

"I am Perry Worthington's daughter, if that's whom you mean."

"It is! How wonderful! Come sit down and tell me all about the folks at home. Begin at the beginning."

"Well, you see, Father died, and Aunt Priscilla took me to live with her—"

"My mother—ah, how is she?" I fancied tears lurked in her eyes.

"She is well."

"Has she ever spoken to you about me?"

"Never."

"Then how did you find out about me?"

I told her about the portrait, and what old Uncle Jake had said.

"Then she has not forgiven me yet for becoming a Catholic and a nun? The thought has been a thorn in my side all these years." And a tear dropped down on her white, exquisitely-formed hand.

"And are you happy here?" I asked.

"Dear," she replied, "the sweetness of life within these walls is not to be compared with anything on earth. But as yet I have not been able to purge myself of all earthiness—I still suffer untold anguish every time I think of my mother's anger and silence all these years."

"Ah, who can blame you? I am in the toils of a great fear myself. I too have secretly joined the Catholic Church, and have not dared tell her."

"She is still bitter against them? How I have prayed and prayed! Oh that Almighty God might soften her poor, mistaken heart!" And she lifted her beautiful brown eyes heavenward.

"And I am engaged to marry Chester, your brother."

"Chet? How is he? A big, strong man by this time, I suppose?"

"Indeed, yes—broad-shouldered, and six feet tall. We are in the midst of wedding preparations, but alas! If only I hadn't given Chet my promise!" And I looked down sadly. She grasped both my hands.

"What is it, dear? Why have you changed your mind? You do not love him, do you?"

"No, I never did, but to please Aunt, I accepted him. She was always so good and kind,

I felt I must repay her somehow. Then I read a book, and everything earthly grew distasteful to me. I want to become a nun."

"Annis! What book was it?"

"The True Spouse of Christ."

"The very same book that determined me! I too, renounced a young man on whom Mother had set her heart. She is a very strong-minded person, and likes to be obeyed implicitly. I suppose she inherited her unbending spirit from grandfather, who disinherited your father for marrying a girl of whom he did not approve because she was poor."

"I know that when I declare my intention, a storm will be precipitated about my ears," I said, with dread foreboding in my heart.

"My poor child! It will be a fiery ordeal, but bear it unflinchingly, for the love of God. Plunge in bravely, and you will find that His grace and light are sustaining you."

"It will seem to Aunt like the basest ingratitude. She will not understand. If only the trousseau hadn't been started, and so many things bought! But I cannot help it."

"I know. However, be philosophical about it. St. Teresa says, 'Let nothing trouble you; let nothing frighten you; all things are in the hands of God.'"

A little gong sounded out in the corridor, and echoed through the sweet silence of the place. Instantly my cousin rose.

"It is the bell for prayers," she said gently. Reluctantly I rose too, intoxicated with the magic of the place, and unwilling to leave it.

"Might I go to the chapel with you?" I queried eagerly, anxious to prolong the delicious pleasure of my visit.

"Why yes, if you wish," she replied. She opened the door and took me down the corridor to a large double door that led to the chapel. There she grasped my hand and kissed me affectionately.

"Come to see me again, and I will show you through the place. Ask for Sister Theonilla." Then she was gone. A few minutes later I saw her march with other nuns to little stalls on either side of the chapel, I remained awhile, imbibing the sweetness and solemnity, my heart filled with yearning. Then glancing at my watch, I discovered to my alarm that it was nearly 4:30! I had been there nearly three hours, and it had seemed like fifteen minutes! As I hastened out, I thought of the monk who sat listening to a bird 100 years, and imagined it was but a few minutes. When I reached the door, the portress handed me a little package.

"From Sister Theonilla," she said.

I dashed to the car line, feeling very guilty. What would Chet say? I was to have met him

at 2:30 or thereabouts, and here it was two hours later! I must have been rather pale from all my emotions, for when I arrived at Pollard's, where Chet stood faithfully waiting, he asked me if I was ill. Indeed I felt a headache coming, for I was subject to them, and any excitement usually brought them on. But if he was peeved at my delay, he never gave any sign.

"You were rather longer than you expected, weren't you?" was all he said.

"I am very sorry I kept you waiting; I had not realized it was so late," I replied. Never a question as to where I had been, or the reason for my delay.

"I had planned to take you to the 'Blue Rose' for tea, but it is too late now," he said, glancing at his watch. "Mother will be expecting us for dinner, so we must catch the 4:55. But come, I wanted you to help me select something."

He led me into the shop, which was a jeweler's, all glittering with beautiful wares. Just within the door I stopped suddenly.

"Chet," I said, placing my hand upon his arm. "What are you going to do?" He smiled down upon me affectionately.

"Why, get you a little remembrance—ear-drops, or a platinum breastknot or something—they have a lovely selection here. You may pick out just whatever you like best."

"Oh, you mustn't!" I cried, stabbed to the heart.

"But why not? You know my greatest pleasure is to make you happy. All my life shall be devoted to just that pursuit. So you must let me get you a bridal present—"

"No, Chet, I do not want you to buy anything for me. Come, let us go home; I am not feeling very well." At once he was all tenderness and concern.

"I thought you didn't look right the moment I set eyes upon you. Well, we can come back some other day. Shall we stop in at the druggist's across the way and get something to make you feel better? What is it? Headache? I know you get them often."

I could have told him "heartache," but permitted him to get me a bromo seltzer in the hope it would settle the nausea that was rising. How solicitous he was! On the train he kept looking at me anxiously, asking little questions as to how I felt, and making it harder every moment for me to tell him what was on my mind. How I was dawdling! The train-ride would not last forever, and I must tell him before it is over.

"Chet," I said, looking straight ahead.

"What is it, dear?" he answered pleasantly. I nearly twisted a button off my dress.

"I have something to tell you."

"Yes, well, out with it!" he said jokingly.

"I cannot marry you." Like a bolt from the blue it struck him. Like a man paralyzed he sat there, answering nothing. He was silent so long that at last I ventured to look up at his face. It was ashen. Then he turned.

"You mean that?" he asked, with set jaws.

"It hurts me beyond words to have to tell you, Chet. But I have found that marriage is not for me. I have decided to become a nun."

It nearly tore the heart out of me to see him. He sat gritting his teeth, with lips compressed, his fists clenched until the knuckles were white. Then he slowly shook his head.

"My poor mother!" was all he said. For a long time there was silence. Then I ventured a word.

"I saw your sister, Mary Jane, today." He turned in surprise.

"Is that where you were so long?"

"Yes. She is at the Ursuline Convent in F—Street."

"Had you told me, I would have gone with you."

"I did not know but you were angry at her too. Poor thing! She is eating her heart out because Aunt remains obdurate."

After that, no more was said until we arrived at our home station. He covered up his grief so I would not see it, and though he looked pale and tired, his gentlemanly courtesy toward me was unchanged. Just before we entered the house, he said,

"I'll tell Mother if you wish—about our engagement, I mean. I realize how hard it will be for you."

"Thank you for that, Chet," I said, taking his hand for the last time.

I pleaded indisposition, and went straight up to my room. It is eleven o'clock now, and all evening I have seen and heard no one. I wonder if they are all sleeping or not? I must stop and say my prayers now. Sister Theonilla! What a beautiful name! The little package contained a scapular, two medals, and a Sacred Heart badge.

(Conclusion next month)

An Armful of Arbutus

JAMES STEPHEN WHITE

THIS land may claim loveliness in the midst of winter, (for then its snow-weighted trees are like large arrow-shaped white flowers), and also in the deliciously soft air of late spring and in the heavy fragrance of summer, and amid the splashy colorings of fall; but I hold that it is dismal, indeed barren and haggard and almost hopeless, just after the snows

have disappeared, in that long waiting-time before the South spreads over it an undeserved mantle of beauty.

But there is a land, and I have known it, that does not sleep naked and ugly between the last snowflake and the first budded leaf, but where winter blends harmoniously into Spring through a profuse and decorous growth that is a finer thing than the creation of any other season,—perhaps because there is in it the perfection of each. For it is there and then that the arbutus grows: the delicate, shapely, innocent, arbutus; virginal, yet languorously beautiful as the old misty hills; spreading over mound and hollow and about the feet of the architectural pines; hint of the snow and the rose, blossom of the cherry and the apple, touch of the purple autumn aster,—four colors, and the fragrance of a thousand flowers in a few exquisite little cups. And that haunting, many-scented redolence floods the woods and the valleys and the very sunshine itself; the winds bear it to the towns where people live. Then men who are worthwhile knowing, and men who are not, turn away from the streets that lead past factories, banks, and libraries, to strike the brown roads that wind along through the homes of the arbutus.

If you are native to the land you can remember many such days,—the crisp sunshiny mornings so daintily fresh, so irresistibly inviting. A mile or more beyond the town, and suddenly through the trees that line the road you glimpse an inspired burst of color. It is a sight you have been expecting all along, with a delightful anticipation that livened every step,—a familiar sight, and yet you pause, amazed as if it were a strange and foreign bloom you were seeing for the first time, some rare orchid of the tropics. The road has served its purpose; you leave it and enter the forest as if deliberately entering a dream. To right and to left and ahead, the flower of the season and all seasons is trailing in beautiful patches like an abundance of detached snowflakes, to which life and color have been given. It is the Garden of Eden you are treading—a paradisaal sward! Your walk assumes a meditative character as becomes one who dares the presence of divine beauty. And so to the furthest edge of this blossom-covered shrine, and across a small clearing, until you stand on the brink of the lofty cliff that guards the bay. What a tremendous thing that sea is—eternally surging, retreating and making a dash of it again, immobile almost, for all of its moving; unknowing and unknowable. What an eternally impetuous thing is that wind; what an eternally triumphant thing that glaring sun; what an eternally

(Continued on page 50)

The "Little Flower" and Holy Communion

MAURUS OHLIGSLAGER, O. S. B.

WE are living in a Eucharistic age. Frequent Communion, yes, daily Communion, are terms with which Catholics of all lands are familiar. At the present time the interest of the Catholic world has become centered around the life and deeds of the "Little Flower of Jesus," and we hail with joy the Church's official recognition of her holy life.

It cannot fail to be of interest, therefore, to see how the Blessed Sacrament entered into her life and influenced it; to know her own sentiments about Holy Communion.

The devotion of the Little Flower to our Eucharistic Lord began in the home—a home that was an ideal Catholic one. The father, a very pious and practical Catholic, was careful to raise his children according to the doctrine and counsels of Holy Mother Church. That he succeeded we can infer from the fact that all his children, five daughters, entered the Convent.

It was the father's custom to take a daily walk. When Teresa was about six years of age, he used to take her along with him and invariably they stepped into some church to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The mother died when Teresa was four and a half years of age. She was then left to the care of her sisters who strove to instil into her tender mind the most lofty ideals of virtue. Thus reared and protected, the Little Flower grew and unfolded itself, emitting the fragrance of the sweet odor of Christ.

The account of her first Communion, the preparation and reception thereof, could hardly be more ideal, were it a bit of fiction.

Teresa very early in life thought about this important step and began making preparations for it. In this she was encouraged by her sis-

ters who frequently held spiritual colloquies with her on that subject. As early as five years before the great event she had well formed thoughts about her first Communion; on one occasion compassionating a beggar, she consoled herself with the thought that she would pray for the poor old man on that day. Some time later hearing that from the time of

first Communion one must begin an entirely new life, she resolved to commence at once and not to wait till her first Communion, four years off.

The time of actual preparation—for her a period of three months—drew near. Besides the regular preparation, Teresa and her sister Marie had a spiritual talk every evening about Holy Communion. O happy sight, one member of the family helping another on the way to God! The Prioress of the Carmel at Lisieux gave her a prayer book which she used in preparation and by means of which she stirred up anew fresh transports of desire and love. The time passed quickly and the retreat, which preceded the reception of our Lord, came. She attended it

with the other children at the Abbey of the Benedictine Nuns of the town and profited by the instructions of the retreat master.

The day itself, May 8, 1884, finally arrived. It was a memorable one for Teresa who was then eleven years old. The children in their snow white frocks marched into the chapel and took their places. The hymn, "O Altar of God, Where the Angels are Hovering," was sung and the prayers before Communion were recited. Teresa, who was aflame with devotion, when her turn came, approached the rails and received. The meeting of the Master and his Little Flower was not that of strangers, but of intimates who immediately knew each other.



The divine embrace reached its climax in her act of love, "I love Thee, and I give myself to Thee forever." They were no longer two, there was a union of wills. She became intensely happy, so much so that she could not refrain from shedding tears of sheer joy. Others wondered and asked the reason, but she understood that "all the joy of heaven had come down to her."

In the afternoon she read aloud, for herself and her companions, the act of consecration to Our Lady. In the evening her father took her to visit her sister Pauline, at the Carmel. The day was one of unclouded happiness; even the human side of the occasion tended to increase her joy, for a feast was held at home and she received a gold watch as a remembrance of the occasion. The only thing that might have marred the complete happiness of the day was the absence of her mother who had died some years before. But, as Teresa said, although her mother was in heaven, she was not absent on that day, as in possessing Jesus she possessed heaven itself.

After her first reception of our Lord she went to Communion on the feast days, which seemed too far apart for her devotion. That Teresa did not go to Communion more frequently and even daily at this period, we need not wonder, when we recall that she lived at a time when frequent Communion was not practiced, for she died in 1897 some eight years before the decree of Pius X on Frequent Communion was issued. However, with saintly instinct she seemed to anticipate frequent Communion as it was soon to be carried out in the Church, and to have had that spirit concerning it which the saintly Pius X wished to return to the Church.

The sentiments that she expressed show forth her spirit about frequent Communion. She said that after her first Communion our Lord alone could fill her heart, and all that she longed for was the blissful moment when she should receive Him again. And after her second Communion, that "she longed for nothing else but to receive Him. Alas the feasts seemed so far apart."

There was even a period of her life when she went to daily Communion. It was during several months when the influenza was raging in the Community and she was heroically doing double work nursing the sick and taking care of the sacristy. She speaks of this privilege and says that she was "unspeakably happy" to be united day after day to her Beloved.

She went to Communion as often as her confessor allowed her and, although she did not positively ask for more frequent Communion, she was happy when he permitted her to receive oftener. Later on in her life she said that this

was a mistake and that the penitent should disclose the desire he has to receive oftener. She added a beautiful thought which might well be the clarion call for daily Communion in this Eucharistic age: "He (Christ) does not come down from heaven *each day* in order to remain in a golden ciborium, but to find another heaven—the heaven of our souls in which He takes such delight."

It is, however, in the following letter to her cousin Marie Guerin that she most clearly senses the Eucharistic spirit of Pius X, namely, that Communion is not only for the perfect but also for those fighting against sin and temptation. She writes:

"Before you confided in me, I felt you were suffering, and my heart was one with yours. Since you have had the humility to ask advice of your little Tèrese, this is what she thinks: you have grieved me greatly by abstaining from Holy Communion, because you have grieved our Lord. The devil must be very cunning to deceive a soul in this way. Do you not know, dear Marie, that by acting thus you help him to accomplish his end? The treacherous creature knows quite well that when a soul is striving to belong wholly to God he cannot cause her to sin, so he merely tries to persuade her that she has sinned. This is a considerable gain, but not enough to satisfy his hatred, so he aims at something more, and tries to shut out Jesus from a tabernacle which Jesus covets. Unable to enter this sanctuary himself, he wishes that at least it remain empty and without its God. Alas, what will become of that poor little heart? When the devil has succeeded in keeping a soul from Holy Communion he has gained all his ends.... while Jesus weeps!...."

"Remember, little Marie, that this sweet Jesus is there in the Tabernacle expressly for you and you alone. Remember that He burns with desire to enter your heart. Do not listen to satan. Laugh him to scorn, and go without fear to receive Jesus, the God of peace and of love.

"In truth it is impossible that a heart which can only find rest in contemplation of the Tabernacle—and yours is such, you tell me—could so far offend Our Lord as not to be able to receive Him. What does offend Jesus, what wounds Him to the Heart, is want of confidence.

"Pray much that the best portion of your life may not be overshadowed by idle fears. We have only life's brief moments to spend for the Glory of God, and well does satan know it. This is why he employs every ruse to make us consume them in useless labor. Dear sister, go often to Holy Communion, go very often—this is your one remedy."

Pius X, having read this letter, declared it "most opportune." Weighty words, indeed, and from such an eminent authority.

Besides her first Communion and her spirit of frequent Communion, other beautiful Eucharistic pages in the life of the Little Flower are: acting as flower girl in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, her office as sacristan and her interest in the spiritual welfare of priests, the guardians and dispensers of the Blessed Sacrament. Holy Mother Church desires that the Blessed Sacrament permeate the life of the Christian; It did so in this servant of God who was beatified on April 29. The Little Flower has been placed on the altar, near the tabernacle, where it will draw others to Christ by its fragrance and beauty.

In Storm and Sorrow

O. H. BAUER

When the hour of the storm arrives and, by changing sun-lit afternoon to partial night, casts a pall of gloom over the exterior world, man instinctively seeks the shelter of a roof and four walls, closes the door behind him, and lights a lamp to lessen the darkness which through none of his volition surrounds him. Similarly, in time of sorrow, though he cuts himself off from the general society of his fellows and retires to the inner sanctuary of his innermost heart, he cheers himself by contemplating a few cherished friendships, chief of which and coloring all is that of God.

An Armful of Arbutus

(Continued from page 47)

preplexing, terrifying, momentous thing that space,—illimitable, unescapable. But these are serious things, and you turn with relief from the eternities to that blessed arbutus, in whose beauty there is yet something of mirth.

Deep in the woods, an hour later, you stop to rest beside a half-subterranean brook, narrow, clear as amber, twisting between and underneath banks that are thickly mossed. There is the slightest rustle in the bushes at your side and you stare with astonishment at a little slip of a rabbit not more than six inches long, who eyes you in fright, and trembles nervously, and is so terrified by your rough appearance that he cannot run away.

You offer words of encouragement: "Brace up, Spike. Steady, steady. Here, have a cigarette,—" but as if the moving of your arm had broken a grim and fearful trance, he is up and away, and making remarkably good time for such a youngster. Across the brook a partridge drums quickly, once, twice, and

then scoots off through the trees with a startling whirl of wings.

Now here you find the arbutus in an especially riotous spread of white and pink and lavender. Then, remembering those in town who never have days off when they may ramble enjoyably here and there, you gather the finest sprays for them. It is not right that only the idler should enter heaven. God has ordained a more poetic reward for the worker — that heaven should be brought to him, even as he toils.

And when the starlit night has come, and you have crossed the darkened woods and fields to where your kinsmen wait, this is revealed to you: for a dear, grey-haired lady is being given an armful of heavenly arbutus, and her blue eyes are bright and tender, as though she has been granted to see the flowers of the Lord.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for Thee.—Faber.

The First Mass

LOUISE A. DORAN

THE CONFITEOR

Lord, at Thy feet, a sinner stands,
Born of a servile race,
Begging Thy smile on his sin-stained hands,
Craving Thy tender grace.
Scourge from my heart the Flesh's toll,
Whiten my crimson soul.

THE SANCTUS

Greatest of all, oh Mighty Lord,
Maker and Moulder of Law!
Dumb amid strains of angelic praise,
Prone in adoring awe
Lieth Thy world: on every part
Worships each rev'rent heart.

THE COMMUNION

Lord, who am I, that at my call
Comest Thou down to me?
Helpless Thou liest, powerless here,
Lord of Eternity!
Bent o'er Thy altar, God most sweet,
I kiss the print of Thy feet.

Comrades

A. K., O. S. B.

Two rosebuds laugh and weep as one,
Together muse in thoughtful studies,
Together sleep, when day is done,
For, as you see, the two are—"buddies."

Cinderella Anne

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

ANNE Jasper had a negative personality, or at least so people thought. Not only negative, but drab—as drab as the drabest thing in the world, whatever it may be. No one ever even suspected Anne of possibilities. She was one of those uninteresting figureheads who are never pretty or witty or entertaining because no one expects them to be. And for that there was a reason; in fact, there was a whole family of reasons.

Away back before the memory of Anne herself, Mother and Father Jasper had four children, two boys and two girls, and a handsomer group of children, or smarter, it would be hard to find anywhere. They grew up and acquired educations, as children do, and eventually they married. And then, just as they were embarking upon the logical enterprise of rearing families of their own, it was disconcerting, not to say embarrassing, to have Mother Jasper give birth to another child—a strawberry-nosed, bald-headed, inane bit of humanity, whom she promptly named Anne after her favorite saint, and seemed strangely to prefer to the grandchildren with whom her elder offspring presently presented her.

"I don't know what Mother means!" sniffed the girls. "It's too ridiculous, to be so wrapped up in a baby at her age."

"Homely kid," commented the boys. "Doesn't look a bit like the rest of us. My Tom now—there's a baby for you! Three months old yesterday and smiles at me like a good fellow. Knows when his Daddy's home."

But Mother Jasper hugged Anne the closer and cared not a whit what her grown-up children might say or think. She found beauty in Anne's snub nose and brilliancy in her infant "goos." Her other children had been self-sufficient, coldly aloof youngsters—true Jaspers, every one of them. But Anne's baby fingers clung lovingly to her mother's thumb and her every freckle—and as she grew older she acquired a liberal sprinkling of these—radiated affection. Anne was the heaven-sent darling of her mother's old age, and had that good and kindly soul lived, the child's existence would have been anything but drab. Then, one day, all unheralded, came the Death Angel, and Mother Jasper's earthly remains were borne away to the little village cemetery, while Father Jasper and Anne were left to the ministrations of the four grown Jasper children and their spouses. Father Jasper faded neutrally into the backgrounds of the respective

households, emerging from his obscurity just long enough to mow a lawn for Rodney, polish the silverware for Kate, wash the car for Edgar or pick the cherries for Louise—and Anne, farmed out first to one and then to another of her brothers and sisters, became a veritable little Cinderella-Sit-By-The-Fire.

She minded the babies, helped with their kitchen work, laundered their fine linens, wore their cast-off clothing, and as nearly as possible effaced her shyly reticent self when guests were present. Where at first her presence was tolerated, it was soon courted, for when Anne came into the house, Care flew out the window. The little irksome duties always fell to her and were always cheerfully performed. They grew to think of her as an integral part of their daily lives, and when, on her twenty-first birthday, she called on her eldest brother in his office to announce that she was going away for a while, the announcement had much the same effect as a bombshell.

"Going away, Anne? You're mad. Of course you will do nothing of the kind. Where are you going?"

She smiled mischievously.

"Please, Rod, don't ask me. I prefer not to say. I am not a child, to be so interrogated, and for a little while I wish to live my own life free and untrammelled. Surely that is my privilege."

"But Lettie's wedding is next week. May is depending on you for that. If you wish to go after—"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Rod, but a hired girl can do just as much and as well as I. I leave tomorrow."

Rodney looked at her curiously. This was a new Anne, a strange Anne. For the moment her drab masque had dropped and there was a hint of her mother in the glint of her gray-green eyes, and the tilt of her brown head. Mother Jasper had sometimes worn that "I-won't-budge-an-inch" look. It occurred to him with surprise that his younger sister was actually pretty of late—almost the beauty of the family; this was not the demure mouse who had been a nonentity. He turned to his desk with a resigned sigh.

"Very well," he agreed brusquely. "Suit yourself. Of course I no longer have authority over you, and I shall be pleased to give into your own keeping the funds of your inheritance from Mother. I don't understand you, Anne. You have always been well-treated by your

brothers and sisters. Still, if you are determined to go this way, without consulting us or asking our advice, that is your affair. If, in your inexperience, you lose all you have, do not expect sympathy."

"Sympathy, my dear Brother, is one thing I should never expect." The softness of the speech removed the sting from her words. She turned at the doorway with a sudden thought.

"If ever you wish to reach me, Rod, put a personal in the *New York Times*."

And 'twas thus that Anne Jasper turned her back upon the dull village of her birth, and set sail upon her broad sea of adventure. Only because she was not nearly so brave as she pretended to be, and because there was in her enough of the caution of Father Jasper to offset the romantic tendencies of Mother Jasper, she did not sail too far, but only to another conservative village less than a hundred miles distant. She chose it from a score of others on the timetable because she liked its name.

"Selecting a new home in this lackadaisical manner," she smiled to herself as she lightly underscored "Honeycomb," "would, for Rodney, be another and final indication that I am quite, quite mad."

The house was green-roofed and weather-beaten, and its gray-white walls looked as though it had been standing there in its quaint old garden for at least a thousand years. The ivy had grown over it and hung in trailing festoons from the trees in the dooryard to block the way of the trespasser. Sunflowers and budding hollyhocks vied with one another in choking the gateway, and roses ran riot everywhere. Anne had never seen so many roses, old-fashioned pink roses, blushing red roses—roses that trailed along the ground and roses that clambered over shaky trellises.

"Rose Cottage," she named it softly to herself. "Oh you beautiful, darling little place. You're going to be mine—MINE."

Her heart sang so exultantly that she scarcely heard what the agent was saying.

"It's been vacant a year, Miss. Ever since ol' Lady Peasley died. A year ain't long, but a place can sure go to wreck and ruin in that time. A couple hundred dollars now, if so be's you got 'em, would fix her up slick. A new chimney and a little plaster'n—"

His voice trailed away and became entangled in the meshes of her dreaming.

She boarded with the agent's wife while the "fixing" was done. Moving in was like moving into Arcadia. She revelled in the lavishness of her blooming yard. It seemed desecration to tie back the caressing ramblers from the window so that the neat white sign, "Plain Sewing" was visible from the maple-shaded street.

"And now, Fairy Godmother," she confided to the cat whom she had begged from the agent's wife, "all we have to do is wait for customers and the Fairy Prince."

Fairy Godmother blinked unappreciatively and scratched her nose with one velvety paw. Probably deep in her cat heart she was thinking,

"I should worry! All I have to wait for is my bowl of bread and milk. And my name isn't Fairy Godmother—it's Tiger—but if it does you any good to call me strange, outlandish names, go ahead."

The customers came, and brought their sewing for the deft fingers of the little seamstress. The Fairy Godmother got her daily bowl of bread and milk. And the Fairy Prince—but I'm getting ahead of my story. Of course Anne had too little time to be forever looking up the street for him and his snow-white charger—and how was she to know if he would really come on a charger? It has been so many years since Fairy Princes really came that way. This one—but wait.

When Anne was not sewing, she was working with her roses. The townspeople grew to call her the "Rose-Lady," for there was not a sick room in the village that she did not supply with the fragrant blossoms; not a day that the altars of the little parish church were not loaded with them; not a passer-by who was not welcome to pluck a bouquet—and scarcely one who did not take advantage of her generosity. Life for Anne in Honeycomb was very sweet and peaceful—and then one day Anne saw the blind soldier.

He was convalescing in the village and he boarded at the home of the Widow Simpson, farther down the street. The widow was a distant cousin of his, or something of the kind. Anne saw him first at Holy Mass, finding his way to the Communion rail with the aid of his cane, and a great pity welled up within her. Shell shock, they whispered. Ah, the pity of it! He walked by the house daily, sometimes two or three times, and he never failed to pause and inhale the pleasing fragrance of her roses. Anne knew when he was coming. Even above the whir of her sewing machine she could hear the tap of his stick, and then she sewed the faster and her cheeks burned redder than the reddest of her own red roses, because—well, there is no accounting for the vagrant heart of a maid, and the instant Anne looked on the face of the blind man she knew that here indeed was the Fairy Prince of her dreams. His face was so sad; she longed to give him of her roses and see it brighten; to mother him, as she had mothered people all her life, and drive away the shadows of memory; to read to him, and

soothe his worn nerves. And yet—she could only sit in her window and watch him pass. Who knows how long that harassing situation might have continued to exist, if it had not been for the personal in the *New York Times*. It was there on Tuesday when the postman brought the paper:

"Anne, Father is dying. He asks for you. Rodney."

Father Jasper had never seemed to care much for her, and yet in his last hours he wanted her. This, she felt, was the end of her dream life in Honeycomb. She was going away. Going away and leaving the white house and her delicious freedom, the roses and Fairy Godmother, and the tap, tap, tapping of a blind man's stick along a maple-lined walk. It might be for a long-long time—and time wrought many changes. She cried big tear spots all over the *New York Times*.

Her bags had gone to the depot and she had bidden Fairy Godmother good-bye and left her with the agent's wife once more. Now she stood by her gate with an armful of red roses and far down the street there sounded the halting approach of the blind man. Every tap was as a little knife-thrust in her heart—her heart that beat so wildly at the daring unmaidenly thing she meant to do.

"It's all of sweetness there will ever be in my life," she told herself sadly. "I'll never see him again. It won't hurt him to know."

He was so close now she could lean out and touch him. He stopped, as always, to inhale the fragrance of her roses.

"Now!" she urged on her lagging self. With a swift gesture she leaned forward and thrust her scented bundle into his surprised arms.

"Here," she said, "I am going away, and before I go I want you to have some of my roses. It isn't because I'm sorry for you—oh, don't think that!" as she saw the pained look that crossed his face. "It's because you are the Fairy Prince about whom I have always dreamed and — I love you."

The last three words were so low that only the keen ears of a blind man could have caught them—and then she fled, speeding swiftly away into the summer dusk, covering her face with her hands to hide her burning blushes.

"Oh, what must he think of me?" her reason kept demanding, but the impetuous, Mother-Jasper heart of her answered defiantly:

"I don't care. I'm glad I told him even if I don't even know his name. He smiled—he SMILED."

"Irene has a caller tonight, Aunt Anne. Major Greyson. One of the Philadelphia Greysons, you know. He is in town on business and

will be here for dinner. I wonder if you'd stay and help me? This is Marie's afternoon out."

"Of course." Anne looked up from the billowy cloud of white stuff on which she was sewing and smiled assent.

It had been an easy matter after Father Jasper's death to slip into her old familiar niche in the households of her relatives. Some day she would go back to the little house in Honeycomb, but not soon—not until she was sure that HE was gone.

"I'll go down to the kitchen now and help. I won't stay for dinner though. I'm not dressed."

"You darling!" Lettie looked relieved. "Will you arrange the table too? That will give me time to dress myself and help Irene. She is anxious to make a good impression. I don't blame her. He's a great catch."

Anne spent an hour assisting the fuming cook in the kitchen and then made a hasty last-minute trip to the dining room to arrange the table. Irene's guest had arrived. The odor of cigars from the verandah and the hum of masculine voices indicated his presence there with Lettie's husband, Jack. She smiled a bit bitterly. How readily Lettie had consented to her leaving before dinner. She had not been expected to stay. What interest could Major Greyson—"one of the Philadelphia Greysons, you know—" have in "Aunt Anne," plain Cinderella-Anne? And yet—she was only a year older than Irene.

A heavy step at the door interrupted her musing. Jack was coming in for something. She spoke to him without turning from her task.

"I'm going now, Jack. Will you tell Lettie I changed the salad because the menu didn't seem properly balanced?"

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind speaking again?"

"Oh!" She turned quickly, surprised by the strange voice. It was a deep voice, pleasant and resonant, and it shook, as from suppressed emotion.

Then her face went ashen, and she put up both eyes as if to ward off a blow.

"You! You!" she breathed distressedly.

He came nearer and laughed, a low laugh of complete satisfaction. The bandages were gone, and his uncovered eyes were far from sightless now. Luminous and piercing, tender and compelling, they sought out the very depths of her soul. He pulled her hands down from her crimson face—pulled them gently and firmly.

"That wasn't loud enough," he said. "And it wasn't correct either. Say this: 'Before I go I want you to have some of my roses.'"

(Continued on page 57)

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Science notes are often like the stars,—many reflections of a few originals.

—Ship now speaks to ship at sea. The wireless telephone has made this possible.

—Einstein is said to have invented a new theory. An irreverent exchange says: "Hope the two will fight it out, and may the best one win."

—Fourteen thousand lives were lost through automobile accidents in 1923. Better be safe than sorry.

—Some scientists say that violin playing is a hair tonic. Lot of it is undeniably hair-raising.

—The atheistic scientist would abolish God, but God is more tolerant. Some men prefer to believe in an eternal dust rather than in an Eternal God.

—A relief for the housewife on a sultry day is a little rotary fan attached to the wheel of the sewing machine.

—The jumping balloon is the latest addition to sports. A small balloon, capable of lifting a weight nearly equal to that of the passenger, is inflated. A propeller attached to the balloon can be set in motion by a vigorous pull from the passenger. The five-pound thrust of the propeller is sufficient to give the upward 'jump.' Single jumps of 150 feet into the air at one pull have been attained. The sport offers the excitement of air journeys without any danger to even inexperienced persons.

—Experiments for the production of new plants and flowers give promise of marvels. Predictions are made that this year is to see a hardwood tree that will produce more lumber in ten years, than the present varieties in fifty. Besides this, there are a drought-resisting lippia for lawns in dry regions, a new asparagus, and an artichoke with a blossom four feet in circumference.

—Scientists can magnify the human voice 12,000 times with the newest loud speakers. Would that they could do the same for the voice of conscience!

—The marriage of the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain was celebrated May 5. A canal now connects the "Father of Waters" with the Lake, and through the latter, offers a very short route from New Orleans to the sea.

—The first Diesel-electric ferry boat now operates on the Hudson River. The ferry, owing to a number of unusual features, is attracting considerable attention among shipping experts. The pilot can start or stop the boat, reverse or change the speed, by turning a handle behind the steering wheel.

—To secure rarefied air for the treatment of certain diseases, patients are often sent to the mountains. When the opposite is required, they are sent to the sea shore. To avoid the expense and inconvenience incident to the travel, treatment is now attempted by a sojourn in a large steel tank, in which the air pressure may be regulated at will. Patients may enjoy the benefits of change of attitude without leaving their home towns.

—Shark leather is now used for shoes. The sharks'

heads are melted down for glue; sharks' teeth are sold to jewelers; and sharks' fins are a Chinese dainty. The 'tiger of the sea' is not unproductive. We may get oil from sharks' livers, remarks an exchange, but we never get oil from the oil sharks' wells. Also, that the oil stocks sold so cheap on the open market are not those of John D. Rockefeller.

—"That tired feeling" may yield to a new antitoxin announced from Germany. Weariness is caused by a poison accumulated in the muscles through excessive exertion or overwork. This poison, called 'kenatoxin,' was expressed from the muscles of guinea pigs and other small animals which had worked until they died of exhaustion. Injections of kenatoxin led to the discovery of antikenatoxin. Antikenatoxin, when injected, increased to a surprising extent the endurance for mental and bodily work. The inventors, however, warn the public that kenatoxin, the poison causing the tired feeling, may prevent evils worse than the weariness.

—Flowers that went to sleep in the presence of a gas called ethylene were the clues to a new anesthetic. When administered with oxygen to human beings, ethylene produces insensibility in a short time. Recovery was complete in a few minutes. The only after-effects were a slight weakness and a slight nausea. In every case, the subject ate a full meal within a few hours after recovery.

—A pay-as-you-leave trolley car equipped with an automatic cashier and turnstile, has made its appearance in New York City.

—The world's shortest radio waves, of the same length as the longest heat waves, were produced recently. The discovery is of great importance to theoretical science in offering further proof for the identity of light, heat, and electric waves.

—New discoveries in science are immediately over-exploited in the field of medicine, and especially by manufacturers of 'cure-alls.' Vitamines are a present day example. Though little is known of them, they have been found necessary for the proper nutrition of the human body. This has led to a flood of 'foods' said to be rich in vitamines. Of twenty-five samples submitted to the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, only two were found to be as effective as ordinary brewer's yeast.

—A new guide book for automobile tourists has a photograph for each mile of the road, showing the more prominent landmarks.

—Poisoning by domestic gases has been the subject of much research by British Government committees. The increase in the use of gas for cooking purposes makes certain results interesting for the general public. The only constituent of ordinary illuminating gas which has serious poisoning properties in this connection is carbon monoxide. Carbon monoxide forms a compound with the blood just as oxygen does. Since the affinity

of carbon monoxide for the blood is 240 times that of oxygen, the former is absorbed to the exclusion of the latter. Should the per cent of carbon monoxide rise to over fifty, death is liable to ensue. Small leaks from the ordinary gas burner were not found dangerous,—the greatest danger being from poor repairs of leaky or broken gas tubing. A second question investigated was the danger from the products of combustion. The products are carbon dioxide and water vapor,—neither of which is harmful. But should too large a gas range be installed in too small a room, harm may result if the ventilation be insufficient to supply the oxygen consumed. It may be well to note that the exhaust gas of the automobile is rich in carbon monoxide, and hence the danger mentioned above may be had in a small, closed garage.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—A bill to make the Bible a part of the public school course in Ohio did not pass the committee.

—At the recent election for mayor in the city of Chicago William E. Dever, a Catholic, received a plurality of more than 103,000 votes, which was approximately 54 per cent of all the votes cast. This overwhelming victory is considered a stinging rebuke to the religious bigotry that is making itself felt all over the country.

—On August 18 and 19 the first National Eucharistic Congress of the new independent state of Yugoslavia will convene at Zagreb. The Italian National Eucharistic Congress will be held at Geneva in September.

—Correspondence courses in Christian Doctrine have been taken up in many rural districts of various states where the priest is seldom or never seen.

—From Russia religion is banned, the priests are imprisoned or put to death; Roumania has approved a bill to bar religious orders; bigotry is rife in the United States as well as in other parts of the world. The religious garb is no longer permitted in the schools of Oregon; other states are attempting a similar measure; the parochial school is threatened from all sides, even though in competitive examinations parochial school children, who are in the minority, capture the majority of the prizes. Through his accomplices the devil is striving to destroy not only the Catholic Church but every other vestige of Christianity. But, we have Christ's word for it, the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, for she is built on a rock.

—On April 19th Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, conferred the sacrament of Confirmation on about 1500 converts, men, women, and children, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

—The University of Fribourg, Switzerland, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrems, Bishop of Cleveland.

—Towards the latter part of April His Eminence Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, arrived in the United States to thank the Americans for their great liberality to the afflicted and suffering in Germany, and to draw a true word-picture of the actual sufferings in Central

Europe. Starvation is still staring many thousands in the face. His Eminence, who visited many of our principal cities, speaks English fluently.

—In accident cases the priest is often called upon to administer the last sacraments under very extraordinary circumstances. An incident of uncommon occurrence took place in New York on April 17 when Tom Kelly, who had operated an elevator in that city for ten years, was found between the fourth and fifth floors wedged in between the elevator and the wall. The elevator could not be moved up or down and the unfortunate man could not be rescued. A hole was cut into the wall. Through this a physician crawled and, hanging in mid-air, held by the feet, gave the man an injection to keep him alive long enough to receive the last sacraments. This being done, a priest followed and administered the last rites of the Church to the consolation of the poor victim.

—Mr. Simon Tang, S. J., a Chinese Jesuit Scholastic, will be ordained to the priesthood at St. Louis on June 27. Mr. Tang belongs to an ancient Christian family that has kept the faith for hundreds of years.

—The plans for the magnificent Catholic High School for boys, at Evansville, Indiana, are completed and the work of construction is now in progress. The building alone, without interior equipment, will cost approximately \$600,000. The generosity of Francis Joseph Reitz, of Evansville, has made this project possible. The Brothers of the Holy Cross, from Notre Dame, are the teachers.

—Forty years in the service of the poor afflicted lepers is a long time. This is the record that was held by Sister M. Bonaventura, O. S. F., who died recently at the age of 80 in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

—It is estimated that at the opening lecture of a convert class series at the Cathedral in Denver recently at least 1000 persons were present.

—Numerous favors are said to have been received through the intercession of Father Leo, O. F. M., who was shot in 1908 while distributing Holy Communion at Denver. Steps towards his beatification are being taken.

—The recent mock trial of an archbishop, a monsignor, and sixteen other ecclesiastics at Moscow, Russia, in which Archbishop Zepliak and Mgr. Butchkavitch were condemned to death for attending to the spiritual welfare of the faithful, shows to the world that the spirit of the early Christians, the spirit of martyrdom, still prevails in the Church. The sentence of the Archbishop, however, was later commuted to imprisonment in a Russian prison while the Monsignor was shot to death.

—Rev. Eugene Gehl, of St. John's Deaf-Mute Institute, St. Francis, Wisconsin, preached a retreat in the sign language to the deaf-mutes at Cleveland, Ohio, in mid-April.

—The Sisters of Charity who conduct Seton Hospital, at Cincinnati, have opened a free goitre clinic for the treatment and prevention of goitre. This is said to be the first institution of its kind in America.

—The corner stone of the George Backer Memorial High School, a unit of the St. Louis University, was laid on April 15. George Backer was graduated from the university in 1869. His widow gave \$500,000 for the memorial.

—Sister Mary Assumpta Pallotta, a Franciscan Sister of Mary, a foreign mission sisterhood, died a holy death in China on April 7, 1905. The body, which was exhumed in April, 1913, eight years later, was found to be incorrupt. Before being interred in another cemetery, the body was clothed in a fresh habit. Many are the favors ascribed to the intercession of this favored daughter of the humble St. Francis. The age of saints is not a thing of the past.

—Sister Rosalie de St. Martin, a Little Sister of the Poor, died at Denver on April 28 at the age of 32. Sister Rosalie was one of a family of nineteen children of whom two entered the Little Sisters, three, the Sisters of Notre Dame, and one, the Franciscan Order. A brother died while at the seminary preparing for the priesthood.

BENEDICTINE

—Sister Mary Clotilda, O. S. B., a pioneer in Colorado and one of the founders of St. Scholastica's Academy, Cañon City, died on April 18 after spending thirty years in the West.

—Joseph Bonnet, said to be one of the world's greatest organists, who has been in this country for some months, gave his last recital at St. Mary's Church, Denver, on April 23, preparatory to returning to France, where he will enter the Benedictine Order.

—The Olivetan Benedictine Sisters of Jonesboro, Arkansas, have reestablished their novitiate and house of studies at Pocahontas, where they first settled in 1887. These sisters have also just dedicated their new St. Bernard's Hospital at Jonesboro.

—Rev. Eugene Bode, O. S. B., a member of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, but now at St. Leander's Priory, Pueblo, Colorado, passed the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood April 24.

—We note with gratification that upon the petition of twenty-eight cardinals for the beatification of Pope Pius X, who died at the outbreak of the iniquitous World War in 1914, and whose memory we lovingly cherish, Pope Pius XI has named as postulator of the cause Ildefonso Pieroni, procurator general of the Valmambrosian Benedictines.

Benedictine Chronicle

REV. DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

On April 11, 1923, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Leo Haid, O. S. B., D. D., of Belmont Abbey, Belmont, N. C., celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the holy priesthood. The jubilarian was celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass at which his former pupil and bosom friend, Most Rev. Regis J. Canevin, titular Archbishop of Pelusium, delivered the jubilee sermon. In the sanctuary were bishops, abbots, regular and secular clergy from all parts of the country. The Rt. Rev. Jubilarian

was born at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, in 1849, and devoted twenty-five years of his life to teaching and preaching at St. Vincent's Archabbey near his birthplace. In 1885 he headed a band of missionaries to North Carolina. He was blessed Abbot in 1886, and consecrated Vicar Apostolic and titular Bishop of Mesene in 1887, by Cardinal Gibbons. In 1910 Pope Pius X conferred on the Rt. Rev. Jubilarian the signal honor of presiding over an "Abbatia Nullius" or Cathedral Abbey, one having its own domain and jurisdiction therein, subject only to the Holy Father himself. No other ecclesiastic in the United States is so singularly honored. At the jubilee celebration many of his former students, prominent in ecclesiastical and civil life, were present to pay respects to their devoted teacher and to express their joy and gratitude on the happy occasion. April eleventh was chosen as the jubilee day as it was the feast of St. Leo the Great, the Bishop's patron saint, and because the anniversary of his ordination, December 21, occurred during Advent.

ENGLAND:—The "Benedictine Almanack and Guide" of 1923, (founded in 1863) edited by Dom Dawes, O. S. B., Lee House near Longridge, Preston, England, is a very interesting publication on the style of that of the Benedictine Sisters at Clyde, Mo. The "Almanack and Guide" mentions two works which should appeal to those who have Benedictine tastes: "A Little Book of the Inner Life," by "a monk," (66 pages white vellum) and "The Holy Practices of a Divine Lover," by Lady Gertrude More, nun of the Order of St. Benedict, edited and prefaced by Dom Hildebrand Lane-Fox, O. S. B., (1870-1912). Upon opening the "Little Book of the Inner Life," one will feel what Father Faber wrote in the chapter on "Praises" in "All for Jesus":—"No one can be at all acquainted with the old-fashioned school of spiritual writers without perceiving and admiring the beautiful liberty of spirit which pervades and possesses their whole mind. A spirit of breadth and a spirit of liberty, that is the Catholic spirit; and it was eminently the badge of the old Benedictine ascetics." Dame More, (1606-1633), the authoress of "The Holy Practices of a Divine Lover," was a disciple of the Venerable Father Augustine Baker. It was under his direction that she collected and prepared matter for her mental prayer. The book is a set of spiritual exercises (216 pages) most suitable for such as for any reason are unable to practice discursive mental prayer or meditation. The book, however, has the character of a commonplace book more than a spiritual treatise. The "blessed spirit of prayer," which, thanks to the skillful guidance of Fr. Baker, was so conspicuous amongst the first twenty-nine nuns of Cambrai, and of which the authoress was so shining an example, is still treasured in their English home of silent prayer and peaceful industry, Stanbrook.

The Benedictine nuns of Princethorpe Priory have translated into English St. Gertrude's "The Love of the Sacred Heart" and "Love, Peace and Joy." Benziger Brothers are the publishers.

BULGARIA:—The Benedictine Sisters, missionaries of

June, 1923

THE GRAIL

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St. Odile of Endje in Bulgaria, last November sent two sisters to found an establishment in Oriental Bulgaria at Bardarski-Gheran, a country in which all the school teachers are atheists.

BELGIUM:—The Abbey Press of St. Andrew's, at Bruges, announces that, due to the great extension of works on liturgy and especially the renown of "Missal and Vespers for Every Day of the Year," it is working at top speed. The first edition of the work, 80,000 copies, (2,000 pages India paper) was soon exhausted and last January a Latin-French edition was succeeded by a Latin-English edition. The compilation is made by the Very Rev. Dom Gaspar Lefebvre, O. S. B., Prior of St. Andrew's Abbey.

ITALY:—The "Bulletin of Il Sacro" of the Abbey of Subiaco, on the occasion of the Renan centenary, has an article on the notorious apostate, the author of "The Origin of Christianity." Renan, (1823-1892), who had visited Monte Cassino, came later to Subiaco, on September 17, 1877, with his son Ary. Dom Allodi, O.S.B., who was then the guest master and attendant, testified in the chronicle that the father hurried the admiring son away "lest he should believe." At the visit to Monte Cassino in 1849 he had registered his name on the album for visitors and also these words beside it: "Unum est necessarium; Mariam optimam partem elegit," (one thing alone is necessary, i. e., eternal happiness, Mary—contemplation, i. e., the monks — has chosen the better part.)

BAVARIA:—Rt. Rev. Dom Leo Mergel, O. S. B., former Abbot of Metten, (1898-1905), now Bishop of Eichstaett in Bavaria, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on March 29. Whilst a young monk at Metten, Dom Leo wished ardently to come to America but Divine Providence ordained that his prodigious labors should be for Europe. In 1910 he petitioned the Holy See to restore the title of abbey to the ancient Abbey of St. Walburga, which was founded in 870 by the saint whose name it bears. The abbey was restored in 1035 and 1835. Domna Karolina Kroiss, O. S. B., is the present Abbess.

Cinderella Anne

(Continued from page 53)

"I—I can't," she stammered painfully, "not—not while you are looking at me."

He laughed again, and brazenly drew her to him, hiding her face against his breast.

"Rose-Lady," he said, and there was that in his voice that made her tremble with joy, "ever since my eyes were given back to me, I have prayed that I might find you. Every moment of the day I've listened for the sweet tones of your voice. And now that I have found you—I'm not looking at you, Rose-Lady—will you say the rest of it? 'It isn't because I'm sorry for you, but because you are the Fairy Prince about whom I have always dreamed, and—I love you?'"

He had to bend low, oh, very low, to catch her answer, but he seemed satisfied.

* * *

"Major Greyson has enough money to take Aunt Anne around the world and back and never miss it," said little Lettie a few weeks later. "Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous as taking a wedding trip to a world-forsaken village no one else ever heard of? Honeycomb, indeed! And getting married in rose-colored chiffon! And having a CAT at the wedding breakfast! Father always said Aunt Anne was a little mad, and I believe him."

"So do I," agreed Irene, with deep conviction.

But neither Cinderella, nor the Fairy Prince, nor the Fairy Godmother cared a bit. They were all too busy living happily ever after.

A Visit to a Cistercian Abbey

(Continued from page 44)

captivating experience, and should count highly in these days of general deprivation of such things:—things which were so gloriously common in "the brave days of old."

But in every country there are monasteries to be found, and my concluding word to all my fellow Catholics is—find one. And when found, try to arrange a visit. For I have known non-Catholics to visit St. Bernard's Abbey, have met them there myself, and helped to make them understand the wonderful things they saw. And they too have experienced the delight: so much so that there have been known cases where such visiting has resulted in ultimate conversion—and even vocation. And who can tell this side of heaven, to what extent others have been helped, of whom one hears nothing at all.

The contemplative orders, hidden from the world, have a greater effect upon the world at large, than most people would even dream of. This not only by their prayer and penance, which must count heavily in the saving of the nations, but also by their influence upon those whom Divine Providence leads to visit them. For their "conversation is in heaven."

On the Wings of Love

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

When the Savior, crucified
On the shameful rood, had died,
The centurion lanced His side,
Piercing deep His loving Heart.

As a bird to downy nest,
Will I fly to Jesus' breast,
There to find sweet peace and rest,
Nestling in His Sacred Heart.



AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Lovely June is here again. Everyone loves June. And why not? It is the fairest month of the year. It is the first month of summer. It is full of buds and flowers, and green things a-growing and a herald of good times for the book-weary youths who are yearning to dip their toes into the cooling waters of the babbling brook, to cast the line for the wily trout, to go a-berrying, to say nothing of camping out, and picnics and boating.

It is the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. If we cannot attend Mass every day we can at least say ejaculatory prayers:

"O sweetest heart of Jesus, I implore,
That I may ever love Thee, more and more."

"May the sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved."

The feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus occurs on June 8, and the day following is the feast of the Pure Heart of Mary. The feast of the friend of little children occurs on the 13th of June. On the 24th we commemorate the feast of St. John the Baptist, while we remember Saints Peter and Paul on the 29.

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

"Flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound."

Two

Two creatures dwelt in paradise,
Formed by God's mighty hand;
'Twas Adam with his helpmate Eve,
Who peopled all the land.

Two testaments God made with man,
The old one and the new;
They show His infinite love for us,
A love abiding, true.

Two spies were sent to view the land
By Moses long ago.
These Josue and Caleb were
As every child should know.

On Sinai Moses once received
Two tables written deep
With ten commandments, traced by God,
Which everyone must keep.

Two chief commandments we shall find
Sum up in brief these ten:
To love our God with all our strength,
To love our fellow men.

Two ways we have to learn our faith;
God's word in Holy Writ,—
The other truths by word of mouth
The Church doth e'er transmit.

In Christ two natures we profess,
The human and divine;
To draw us up did He come down
And God with man combine.

'Twas Cleophas and James that met
The Master on the way.
They bade Him share their frugal meal,
And 'neath their roof to stay.

Two letters good St. Peter wrote
Unto his children dear,
Instructing them in many things,
For death, he felt, was near.

A twofold judgment we must face:
The first when life has fled;
Again, when Christ shall come to judge
The living and the dead. P. K.

Dolcility and Affection of Zulu Children

Good Sister Philippine Treumund, who has spent almost a life-time in making Christians of the Zulu children, has written especially for our readers a most interesting account of some of her experiences in South Africa. If you didn't know that children who were reclaimed from the savage state could become so docile and affectionate to their teachers and their missionaries, just read what Sister has to say. After you have read the account, sit down and drop her a personal letter to show your interest in the grand work that she is doing, many thousand miles from home and relatives, in the foreign mission field saving souls for heaven. She would appreciate, we have no doubt, the interest your letters would show. If you happened to have a dollar bill to send along with your letter to help her with her missionary work, so much the better. This is merely a suggestion of ours; she makes no appeal. At any rate drop her a few lines. Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, Natal, South Africa, is her address and a five-cent stamp will carry your letter all the way there.

In a personal letter that accompanied the account, Sister Philippine says: "At last comes the long promised article about my Zulu children for the Corner, and I hope its readers, my dear American friends, will enjoy it." She then goes on to say that illness and much work prevented her writing sooner. In another paragraph she adds: "Kindly accept my heartiest thanks for the parcel you so most kindly sent me through the kind and zealous St. Meinrad Seminary Mission Unit. It reached me luckily just before Christmas, and you may be sure that it was very welcome and that each article found a ready 'customer.' May God bless and protect all the kind donors and helpers."—See what a source of joy and happiness these little tokens were in that remote corner of the world.—But we must now give Sister Philippine a chance to have her say.

MY ZULU CHILDREN

What shall I tell you about my Zulu children? I think the best plan is simply to relate some interesting happenings and anecdotes, just as they present themselves to my mind.

Well, on the first of September, 1885, the steamer, "Howarden Castle," brought the first five female assistants for the Marianhill Mission to Natal, and I had the privilege to be one of them.

About a week after our arrival, on the 8th of September, Rev. Father Francis Pfanner, then prior, and soon afterwards abbot of Mariannhill, informed me that on the following day I had to start school with those native girls that long ago wanted to come to the mission, but had been told to wait till the Sisters came. Indeed, on the 9th of September, 22 girls, all in their teens, came marching on. The first impression I had, seeing these dusky faces, was not very encouraging, for they seemed all alike so that I thought: "For goodness' sake! How shall I ever be able to distinguish one from the other!" Had anybody told me then that soon I should not only be able easily to distinguish one from the other, but also readily to discern emotion, passions, illness, even faint blushings—I should never have believed it.

The 22 newcomers made, of course, a very great noise, and I was standing among them hopelessly helpless, my vocabulary of the Zulu language consisting only of 3 words—hamba, tula, Tixo, i. e., go, be quiet, God,—which an Englishman had told me a week before on my journey from Durban to Pinetown. When the noise had reached its climax, I shouted a mighty "tula" with the result that only one girl standing next me was silenced. At the second mighty "tula" I chanced to look at another girl who, too, ceased to speak, whereas the others went on with their noise. Having observed that each time the child I looked at became quiet, I began in my despair to point at one child after the other, at the same time using the magic "tula," till, at last, one of the girls, grasping the situation, came up to me and said: "Ukosazana, musa ukutsho 'tula,' yitsho 'tulani.'" (Sister, don't say "tula," say, "tulani.") Then I began to understand that "tula" was the singular and "tulani" the plural form of the imperative.

With my second word "hamba" I secured a complete success. On the first Sunday of my South African school-life, I took my 22 pupils to the Mission Church about 10 minutes from the Sisters' Convent. When after the service my darkies stood in the ranks ready for the home march, I saw a tall heathen dragging away one of the girls, evidently about to carry her off. Fearing to lose one of my dear charges, I hurried up to him, seized his arm and shouted "Hamba" at the top of my voice. The effect was really marvellous. Forthwith letting go his booty, he fell back a few steps and stared at me in utter consternation. The girl, seeing her chance, took to flight—and ran swift as lightning straight towards the convent, whereas the man made off to the opposite direction and soon disappeared in the near bush.

The regular mode of life suited my children visibly, for they became more chubby-faced and stouter from day to day.

From the very beginning the heathen parents who had never seen any school had been rather suspicious and wondering what was going on with their darlings, and they grew uneasy at seeing them becoming fatter and fatter. Soon the rumour spread that the children were being fattened either to be eaten up by us or to be sent to Europe as slaves or something of the like. Some became even spiteful and wanted to take the children by force. The boldest threw stones on the roof during the night to frighten us. For some weeks we had to be on our guard and even to watch during the night in order to prevent kidnapping of one or the other of our children, who themselves were our most faithful allies during those trying times. The various rumours amused them only. Smiling they came to us and said: "Let them think what they like, we know that you will never eat us up," and at the least danger they stood on more than one occasion together as one man, as illustrated by the following incident:—

For holy Mass and other services we had to go down

to the monastery about ten minutes distant from the convent. One day, just in the middle of the road, two of the bigger girls came up to me, saying in an undertone: "Sister, two men are hidden in the bush over there. We know, they intend to take Johanna away. Shall we not run down and call the Umfundisi (the Father Missionary)?" I nodded assent and in a trice they disappeared at a curve of the road, while the others had spontaneously formed a triple circle with the girl in danger safely concealed in the midst of the inner circle. And not a minute too soon! The two men rushed on and shouting: "We want Johanna!" tried to break through the outer circle formed by the strongest and biggest girls, but in vain. The girls neither moved nor budged an inch, whereupon the men became furious and threatened to strike. Fortunately, at this very moment, the Father Missionary appeared and taught them manners so that the men who were so arrogant and noisy before became quite despondent and hastily took to their heels.

Filial love of and attachment to the Fathers and Sisters are prominent features of my Zulu children as you will see from the following little events which may interest you.

After an uninterrupted stay of nearly three years at Mariannhill, the first and chief Institute of the whole mission, I got permission to go with Father Prior and Sister Superior to Einsiedeln, one of the newly-founded mission stations, to see Rev. Father Abbot who was there as a convalescent. It was a drive of about ten hours from Mariannhill to Einsiedeln. We were to start on Sunday morning after an early mass about four o'clock and to return on Monday.

When on the evening before, I put my things rather ceremoniously in order and placed some books that usually remained on the desk into the bookcase, some of the girls who chanced to be in the classroom became suspicious and wanted to know what was the matter. I told them that I was going to see Rev. Father Abbot at Einsiedeln tomorrow and return on Monday. Then they began to lament, "Oh, you are going away, I'll be bound," said one. "And you will not come back to us any more," added another one. "Why should I not come back; did I not tell you just now that I was only going to see Rev. Father Abbot? So cheer up and don't be afraid! My words, however, did not satisfy them, and they began to cry.

Their fears should too soon turn out to be true. For on the next day after my having arrived at Einsiedeln and greeted Rev. Father Abbot, the first question he asked me was: "Have you something to tell me?" "No," I replied, "I only came to see you, Rev. Father." Whereupon he rejoined: "But I have something to tell you. I want you to go to Reichenau, to take charge of the school there." These words were to me like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. To leave Mariannhill and my dear children! This saddening thought drew tears from me. But my spirits reached their lowest level when, after I had assented to his wish, with tears still in my eyes, Rev. Father declared: "I am very glad of your readiness; but mind, you are not to go back to Mariannhill to say goodbye to your children; for I know you would not bring yourself to do that. So the best thing is to stay here till the carriage comes for you on Wednesday."

When Father Prior and Sr. Superior heard of my not coming back with them, they felt very sorry that they should return without me. "What will the children say, when we come home?" said F. Prior. "They will certainly think the whole affair was preconcerted." This apprehension came only too true. When at their arrival at Mariannhill the children missed me in the carriage, they began to cry and became almost unmanageable. Under these circumstances Father Prior

thought it best to ring the bell and to tell the children to go to the chapel and pray. And that was done. After a few minutes' prayer in the chapel he assembled them in the school, explained them that Sister Superior and he had nothing to do with my transfer, but that Father Abbot wished it, and in order to quiet and satisfy them he said, "All of you who can write may now write a letter to the Sister and tomorrow I shall send your letters to her through the driver of the carriage." In a trice forty-five hands were raised asking for a sheet of paper, and a few minutes afterwards, one could see forty-five heads busily bent down over 45 sheets, and when 45 hearts had poured out their grief and 45 signatures been put down, a general sigh of relief was heaved through the whole classroom. Father Prior then collected the papers and sent them to me through the driver, and the children's minds were eased in the hope that their wishes expressed in the letters, to see me back again would soon be realized.

The children of Reichenau, too, showed the same filial love and attachment during all the time I was with them, and when after four and a half years I was transferred to Centocow, about 6 hours distant from Reichenau, they insisted upon accompanying me at least half the way.

In conclusion, I shall tell you four more little stories that will make you laugh. One day a girl told me that somebody wanted me. On coming out, I found myself face to face with a young man with a long moustache and enormous whiskers. Taking him for the father of one of my smaller children, I asked him whom he had come to see. And I could scarcely believe my ears when he replied: "I did not come to see anybody, Sister; I want to attend school." With a hearty laugh I said: "How can I admit *you*, such a big man, to school? In school you would have to obey like the children, and that would probably be very hard to you." "Of course, I shall obey, Sister. You will see I shall obey like your little children." This was said with such naivety and earnestness that I could not help complying with his wish, and the future proved that he had really meant it. During his two years' stay, he was one of the most childlike of my children.

Only one incident to show this:—One morning he was late at school. Fearing that his bad example might be infectious to the others, he quickly came up to me, and after having politely apologised, he bowed his head with the request to box his ears.

About the same time I had three boys in my school—Alois, Joseph, and Hermann—who were brothers. Hermann, the youngest of them, about 12 years old, was of a pronounced irascibility. At the least provocation he flew into a temper and began to fight. Repeated motherly advices had no lasting results. His brothers, 22 and 18 years respectively, often grew angry with him, and one day, annoyed at seeing him again engaged in a furious fight with other boys, made short work of him, took him, the one, Alois, by his feet and the other, Joseph, by his head, and brought him to me saying: "Please, Sister, give him a sound thrashing." With these words one of them placed a stick into my hands, since all knew that this used to be my last resort, and even that only on very rare occasions. Having administered the culprit a few strokes, I gave them a sign to go. The two brothers, however, were not yet satisfied. They exclaimed: "Oh no, Sister, that will not do. The proper way to treat a boy like this is to beat him, till he screams and promises to mend his ways." I obeyed reluctantly, because it was quite against my nature to do so, and my obedience was crowned with success. After a few more strokes the delinquent began to cry out for mercy and to promise radical reformation. And he kept his word. Whenever afterwards he was about to succumb to his pugnacious

tendencies, a word of mine sufficed to check him. Taking my advice, he then usually retired to the school-room and stayed there till he felt sure that his anger had passed away.

Having left school, he learnt masonry and then always helped in our mission as a workman, cutting stones for our new schools, churches and other required buildings. When, about ten years ago, our new Church here at Centocow was building, Hermann was called to help with his work. Visibly pleased to see me once more after so many years, he heartily greeted me. I, too, was very glad to see my old pupil. After some conventional phrases, I smilingly asked: "Do you still remember the special treatment I submitted you to?" "Of course, I do, Sister," he replied significantly, "and I thank you very much for it. You have thoroughly cured me."

There was seldom a day on which Ntama, one of my pupils, did not do or cause some mischief. He came to me one day, when I was alone in my school and said very low-spiritedly: "Sister, I think, it's high time for me to strive hard to become good. Why, it's always: 'Ntama has spilled my ink!' 'Ntama has pinched me!' 'Ntama has frightened me!' 'Ntama has tripped me up!' and so on. That's really too bad, isn't it, Sister?"

The new, long-talked-about thrashing machine had arrived at last. The children, never having seen the like, surrounded it, examined it, and stared at it as a real prodigy. They could not take their eyes off it, especially one boy who, looking at it as if with the eye of a connoisseur, at last exclaimed enthusiastically: "Well, boys, I say, it must have cost at least an ox!" (The Natives estimate everything in this way. Small things are said to cost a fowl, etc., big things, a pig, an ox, a horse.)

Letter Box

(All communications for the "Letter Box" should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

We regret exceedingly that space will permit us to print only a very small part of the communications intended for the Letter Box.

The following letter is from Anton Julius Kubone, of Centocow, Natal, S. Africa.

Our Bishop

To you, beloved Readers, I shall now relate the proceedings of the confirmation at Centocow. Perhaps you know that we were fortunate enough to get from our late Holy Father P. B. XV our own Bishop. It is now my pleasure to say that the same Bishop-elect Fleischer was consecrated on the 15th of August, 1922. After having administered the sacrament of Confirmation at various places, he also visited Centocow for the same purpose. The Christians were told about it and were informed that on the third of December they would see their Bishop among them.

It was a bright sunny morning on which The Shepherd rode from M. Telgte down to our nearest railway station, Mondi Halt.

At the same time nearly all the owners of horses swam their beasts across the Umzimkulu River to ride nearly seven miles to meet him. At about half past twelve we witnessed a fine scene of the Bishop seated in a carriage and a long train of mounted Christians before and behind it. Poor as they are, most of the natives possess horses which they are only too glad to use on such occasions. In the streets of Centocow were flags and banners flying between the bushes and the beautiful erected arch. On one side of it were the

welcome words, "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini," on the other side, "Sakubona Baba," "We greet you, Father." We all went to the church where we received his episcopal blessing. The church choir voiced "Ecce Sacerdos" upon his entering.

This was a happy Friday, and at last Sunday the great day came. We had early in the morning the High Mass said by our Parish Priest. The next was the Bishop's Mass in which most Christians communicated. At nine o'clock the candidates for Confirmation went to the church where they were seated. Meanwhile the church choir went to lead and guide His Lordship to the church. After the Pontifical Dressing, he held a pre-confirmation sermon in our Zulu language, which pleased us very much. His predecessors knew no Zulu and so required an interpreter. Then came Confirmation. Three Marianhill mission Fathers were assisting. It took his Lordship about three hours to finish. Afterward another sermon was held in which we were told about prayer, and the love of the church. We must love our church and we must pray frequently if we are to be children of the Holy Ghost.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which closed the solemnities we longed to have a little talk and greeting with the Bishop who is our own. We went up hurriedly standing at the front door, numbering in all about three hundred brown persons. He came to us and addressed us very much like one of our own. In asking some questions he got loud and cheery answers which proved that we were his own. Then after having got his blessing once more, we left him, happy and joyful as if in ecstasy. The evening saw him in the public hall with his people all around him. The concert which was prepared specially for him consisted of a play, "Scenes from the life of St. Brigid," and a number of songs between the intervals. His Lordship's speech after the concert was an answer to the address of our local teacher; it proved his delight with the work, and a few applause occurred during his speech. He closed the pleasure gathering with his blessing and all went to rest. The next morning was the parting day and the children with the missionaries being aware of the fact went to bid goodbye to the Bishop. He responded to them by consoling words and his blessing, and then left for his residence at Marianhill.

Anton Julius Kubone.

This is a very, very fine letter and the editor wishes to congratulate the writer upon his description of the Confirmation Day. We are of the opinion still that the American readers will have to outdo all previous efforts in order to equal this. What do you think?

Out of the Mouth of Innocents

(Contributed)

A few replies gathered from examination papers:

The necessary preapachan (preparation) for confession is to be free from sin and be in the state of grace.

At the last supper Jesus said, He who dipith his fingers with me shall betray me and they all said Is it I, Is it I, and our Lord said No, when he came to Saint Petter he said it is you.

First confessions are usually rather mechanical. A whole class will probably vary but little individually, as the instructor generally follows the order of the commandments or some formula given in the prayer book. In answer to the question, How do you prepare for Confession? one little lad thus describes it:

First we go into our seats and we pray in our prayer book and the Holy Ghost comes into our hearts and we ask him to tell us our sins and he does, we go in and tell our sins and he gives us three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys and we go out."

June Roses

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

June roses—and the pleasing hum

Of voices far and gone.

A girl's bright face; the fragrance of a thousand flowers;

A teacher's tear, quick dried, lest't mar the hours

Of youth's bright day that never more shall dawn.

June roses—and the pulsing stir

Of years-old memories.

A snowy gown; the melody in F upon the air;

The tread of blithe young feet upon the stair;

Commencement Day. Ah! Glad, sad memories these.

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Abbey and Seminary

—The seminarians held their annual mission rally on April 18. Races and baseball were among the attractions on the athletic field. Candy, peanuts, sandwiches, ice cream, and soft drinks were sold to swell the mission fund. It goes without saying that the stands were patronized quite liberally.

—The Rt. Rev. Paul Schaeuble, O. S. B., class of '89, Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey, Covington, La., spent several days in our midst late in April.

—Rev. Rhabanus Gutmann, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, Pennsylvania, and Very Rev. Prior Pius Blum, O. S. B., of Covington, Ky., were welcome visitors in April. Father Rhabanus spent the year '67-'68 at St. Meinrad and then went to St. Vincent's where he entered the clerical novitiate. On January 1 of this year he celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. This was the first visit Father Rhabanus had made to St. Meinrad in fifty-five years.

—St. Mark's day marked a new era for the seminary, for on this day all classes were held in the new building for the first time. "Hand-carved" desks a la Yankee fashion, by past masters of the engraver's art, were brought along from the old seminary and installed until the new furniture arrives. The class room for physics and chemistry, however, has oak chairs with arm rest.

—The usual procession to Monte Cassino took place on the feast of St. Mark.

—"Pep" is the name of a "snappy" folio published by the Students' Literary Society at Jasper College. We acknowledge the receipt of the numbers for April and May. A well conducted college journal is an incentive to the student to write. And "writing maketh a perfect man."

—The seminary choir gave a concert at Ferdinand on the evening of April 18. They also appeared in "St. Joseph's Halle," St. Meinrad, on May 8.

—May 9 was selected by the Seminary as "May Day"—the annual picnic day. Either the weather man had not been taken into consideration, or he did not approve of the choice, for he sent down upon us one of the iciest blasts that we ever experienced in the month of May. In the morning the wind was so cold that one could plainly see his breath, but it was not cold enough to freeze the blood of youth. Although swimming, which was on the program for the afternoon, was probably postponed to a more favorable time, good eats with lemonade and ice cream made the day a

memorable one.—During night that followed a very light frost fell, the wind then veered to the South and danger from freezing was over. A heavy frost would have done untold damage to the fruits and growing crops.

—The students of the Preparatory Seminary celebrated their May Day on the 16th. For a day and a night previous Jupiter Pluvius opened the floodgates of heaven and deluged the earth.

—Very Rev. Father Prior received the sad news of the sudden death of his brother, Rev. Clemens Gruwe, pastor of the St. Jakobigemeinde (St. James parish), Coesfeld, Westphalia, who was found dead in bed on the morning of April 9. The deceased was pastor of the church in which the Ven. Anna Catharina Emerich was baptized. The baptismal font at which the servant of God was baptized is still in use.

—Father Ildephonse mourns the loss of his venerable mother, Mrs. Maria Kreidler, who died on April 26 at her home in Rexingen, Wuerttemberg. Mrs. Kreidler consecrated three of her children to God in the religious state. Two daughters, who are Sisters of the Holy Cross, are on the missions in South Africa.

—Rev. Albert Zemp, class of '98, has been transferred from Oleyen, in the Omaha diocese, to Deloit.

—Death came quite unexpectedly to Rev. William A. Maher, pastor of St. Malachy's Church, Brownsburg, Indiana, at the Traction Terminal Station, Indianapolis, on April 19, while he was waiting for a traction car to convey him home. Father Maher, who was born at Thurles, Ireland, in 1860, spoke seven languages besides the Gaelic. His parish monthly, *Boher Na Naev*, (Road of the Saints), had only recently been given over to our print shop for printing. The May number was ready for the press when word came of Father Maher's death.

—Rev. Peter C. Baron, class of '99, pastor at Columbus, Indiana, who had not been in good health since he had the "flu" several years ago, also died rather suddenly on April 30. The burial took place at the old home at Schnellville, where his aged mother, a nonagenarian, still lives.

—Rev. Bernard Brueggeman, class of '74, pastor at Dover, Indiana, since 1877, was summoned by the Angel of Death on May 2. Father Brueggemann was a veteran of the Civil War. In his early amnhood he married, but upon the death of his wife he felt a call to the priesthood, to which he was ordained at the age of 36.

—The Church of St. Mary-of-the-Knobs, near New Albany, of which Rev. Joseph Sermersheim, class of '03, is pastor, celebrated its centenary on May 12. Father Lambert represented the Abbey.

—The Rt. Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, class of '93, Bishop of Corpus Christi, came to the Abbey on May 11 to spend a few days in our midst. While here he conferred tonsure and the four minor orders on Messrs. William Jansen for the diocese of San Antonio and Daniel Lanning for the diocese of Corpus Christi.

—There is no peace for the ashes of Julius Caesar. How many times in centuries past has he been stabbed to death? The students are preparing to deal him another deathblow. On May 21 they will play Shakespeare's famous tragedy for the visitors who come to attend the ordinations. The public is invited to attend the performance on May 27 and June 3.

—As we go to press just before the ordinations take place on Pentecost Monday and Tuesday, May 21 and 22, we subjoin a list of the ordinandi, who are preparing for the great event. The following will be ordained to the priesthood for the diocese of Indianapolis: Rev. Messrs. Clement Bastnagel, Henry Trapp, John Geran, Joseph Duffy, Jerome Pfau, Thomas McGrath, John Flynn, Raymond Marchino, Henry Ebnet, Henry Doll,

Clement Hunger; for St. Meinrad Abbey: Fr. James Reed and Fr. Peter Behrman; for St. Joseph Abbey, Louisiana: Fr. Raymond Egler. Rev. Julius Schoen will receive the priesthood at Belleville on May 20.

The subdiaconate and diaconate are to be conferred on Matthew Herold, Raymond Smith, Joseph Somes, John Riedinger, Ambrose Sullivan, Conrad Urbach, for Indianapolis; and on Fr. Gregory Kunkel, for St. Meinrad Abbey.

The subdiaconate only is to be conferred on Bernard Loepker and Franz Hodapp, for Belleville; Aloysius Morskovsky and William Jansen, for San Antonio; Francis Donnelly and Joseph Whalen, for Covington.

The minor orders of exorcist and acolyte will be conferred on Joseph Tieman, Aloysius Laugel, William Knapp, William Lensing, Andrew O'Keefe, Francis Ankenbrock Richard Betz, for Indianapolis; on Daniel Murphy, for Kansas City; on John Vassen, for Belleville; on Francis Mielech, for Covington.

The two first minor orders, ostiary or porter and lector, will be conferred on Joseph Schaefer, Sylvester Bloemke, Eugene Hanafee, James McBarron, Amos McLoughlin, Walter Nugent, Ralph Doyle, Francis Doyle, for Indianapolis; on John Glenn, for Louisville; on Lawrence Schoepner, for Sioux City; on Gerard Nete-meyer and Edward Raterman, for Belleville; on Lambert Schiel and Cajetan Romero, for San Antonio.

May God shower in abundance His graces and blessings on the ordained and through their faithful ministrations procure great glory to Himself by the bringing of salvation to many souls.

—Fr. James Erickson, O.S.B., Seminary '19-'22, was ordained to the priesthood at New Orleans by the Most Rev. John W. Shaw.

—At the time of the ordinations and on similar occasions visitors from other parts learn to appreciate the value of good roads—if they have such at home. In another twelvemonth, or thereabout, we hope they can also sing the praises of the wonderful roads that lead to St. Meinrad. The new state highway is making splendid progress. The grading on the stretch of road that enters St. Meinrad from the West is rapidly nearing completion. The hills are being laid low and the valleys filled. As it swings around graceful curves, up easy inclines, and down gentle slopes over hill and dale, the new highway presents a pleasing picture and unceasing delight to tourist and native alike. A federal engineer, who looks after road construction in this territory, was at St. Meinrad early in May. He expressed the hope that the grading from St. Meinrad east for some ten miles would be completed this year.

Book Notices

"The Communion Prayer Book," a book of 240 pages containing prayers and instructions with copious illustrations, by a Sister of St. Joseph, now appears in the eleventh edition. D. B. Hansen & Sons (27 N. Franklin St., Chicago) are the publishers. We believe that this book will appeal to the child, for whom it is intended. The language is simple and adapted to the youthful mind and the numerous illustrations will help to impress the meaning of the ceremonies and the instructions given in the second part. We would, however, recommend that in a future edition the prayers, which are approved by the Church, be brought up to date. In the Divine Praises, for instance, the invocation, "Blessed be St. Joseph her most chaste spouse," (Feb. 23, 1921), is omitted, also the invocation, "Queen of Peace," (May 5, 1917), in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. In the "Manner of Serving a Priest at Mass" occur *homini* for *homine* and *Patria* for *Patri*. But these few defects should not detract from the general value of this attractive prayer book. A.

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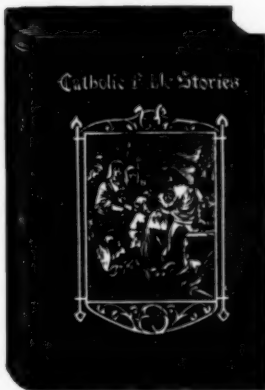
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To continue the work of publishing THE GRAIL it has become absolutely necessary to provide a new and properly arranged building. Since the proceeds of our printing office are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood we do not feel justified in appropriating any of this money for building purposes. We, therefore, offer our friends and benefactors the unique opportunity of erecting a Catholic Printing Office—a monument to Religion and Truth, a battlement of defense against falsehood and error. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged and a little token of appreciation sent to each donor. Address

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